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Christmas Number

DIRECT ACTION LEADERS JAILED

SENTENCES OF TWO MONTHS IN JAIL WERE PASSED ON TUESDAY ON SIX MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH DIRECT ACTION COMMITTEE AGAINST NUCLEAR WAR.

Committee members appearing before the Magistrates' Court held at Marylebone, London, were:

Pat Arrowsmith, 29, Field Secretary of the Committee; **Hugh Brock**, 45, Committee Vice-Chairman, Editor of Peace News, and a member of Meeting for Sufferings (the executive body of British Quakers); **April Carter**, 22, Secretary of the Committee; **Mrs. Frances Edwards**, 31, of Oxford; **Inez Randall**, 33, former Reading Borough Councillor; **J. Allen Skinner**, 69, Associate Editor (and former Editor) of Peace News; and **Will Warren**, 53, Oxford Quaker.

They are good, honest, law-abiding citizens supported by distinguished people who held the view that they were serving the public.

The only extraordinary things about them were the fervour with which they held their views, their complete lack of concern for their own comfort and safety, and the extreme persistence with which they worked. They had never taken any violent step; it would be repugnant to the Gandhian tradition of their movement.

They were going not to "any old place," but to a rocket base at a time when we had been told that the rockets were to be ready

The new ad hoc Direct Action Committee, named a few hours after the jail sentence, is: **Ian Dixon** (Secretary), **Tony Weaver** and **Biddy Youngday**. As PN went to press a third group was standing by in the event of further summonses. Plans for the Harrington demonstration continue—see back page.

for 15-minute firing; they wished, as good citizens, to awaken sleepy people to the vast danger confronting the nation.

"They are not seeking martyrdom; I ask you not to make martyrs of them," he concluded.

Mr. Janner read a telegram from Earl Russell (President of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and a sponsor of the Direct Action Committee).

Bertrand Russell expressed the hope that the defenders would be leniently dealt with, since they were actuated by good motives in attempting to prevent wanton destruction, and their action deserved general support.

The Magistrate, Sir Laurence Dunne, declared the Direct Action Committee

Mr. Oliver Nugent, for the Prosecution, referred to two leaflets—the subject of the proceedings, *Constance Willis reports*. They were an incitement to the public at large to invade the ballistic missile base at Harrington, Northants, and made it clear that demonstrators would, unless prevented, enter the air field and establish a camp there. They referred to non-violent action, but their behaviour caused extreme provocation, compelling the police to use force in carrying out their duty.

"It is my submission," he said, "that their methods are lawless and lead to a breach of the peace, and that these people should be put under sufficient restraint to make sure that they do not take part in this affair in any way whatsoever, or incite others."

Impossible

Mr. Greville Janner, for the Defence, reminded the Magistrate that last time they were ordered to enter into recognisances they found it impossible to do so on grounds of conscience and therefore went to prison. He stated the following reasons for requesting the Magistrate not to ask for recognisances:

WAR ON WANT WEEK

AN exhibition designed to show how the Western countries are helping the underdeveloped areas has been organised by War on Want for the week of Jan. 16-23 at the Central Hall, Westminster.

Various countries who are in the throes of social change will have stands at the exhibition, as will the UN specialised agencies, several industrial firms, and voluntary British organisations which are concerned with the problem.

Fuller details of the exhibition, and of sup-

Missile countdown ready

THOR INTERMEDIATE RANGE BALLISTIC MISSILES, FOR WHICH GROUPS OF BASES HAVE BEEN BUILT IN SEVERAL PARTS OF BRITAIN, ARE NOW OPERATIONAL.

"We are now satisfied that Thor is able to take its place as part of the operational front-line of the Royal Air Force," the Secretary of State for Air, Mr. George Ward, announced in the House of Commons on December 9.

According to Angus Macpherson, writing in the News Chronicle the next day, this means that:

- H-bombs have been fitted to the 60 missiles at present ready in Britain.
- RAF crews are standing by 24 hours a day.
- The missiles can be fired 15 minutes after a joint order from Washington and London.

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"The 15-minute sequence," Macpherson added, "is not the last word in readiness. The Thors can be kept upright, ready to go with only six minutes' warning, in periods of particular crisis."

For the Army, the Secretary of State for War announced that the Thunderbird missile "is in production . . . and a more advanced version is being developed."

The Titan

In answer to a question on patrols over Britain by aircraft carrying H-bombs, Mr. Ward said that there had been "no change" in the arrangements. In other words, the patrols continue.

In the United States the Titan inter-continental ballistic missile is due to become operational in February.

Each of these missiles weighs 110 tons, carries a nuclear warhead, has a range of about 9,000 miles and costs \$2,000,000 (£714,286). The Times' Washington correspondent reported on December 13.

In Washington it was announced on December 2 that US long-range nuclear bombers operating from overseas bases will be kept on continuous airborne alert in the early 1960s.

The Times

Commenting on this in London, The Times, in a leading article on December 7, stated:

"Although there are stringent procedures to rule out any errors in communications when the bombers are in the air, accidents can still happen. To keep bombers continually in the air may also be construed as a provocative action."

"If pressure within America for an airborne alert cannot be resisted, it is to be hoped that President Eisenhower, who has been a notable steadying influence in the defence field, will see that the bombers are kept well away from the Arctic."

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Fuller details of the exhibition, and of supporting demonstrations during the week, will appear in Peace News next week.

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"They are non-violent people, whose personal example has assured no violence."

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The Magistrate, Sir Laurence Dunne, declared that the Direct Action Committee used illegal methods of forcing their view-

■ ON BACK PAGE



'Did you hear a strange noise, Sir?'

A thirties' childhood

ALAN LOVELL reviews

Sorrows, Passions and Alarms, by James Kirkup. Collins, 15s.

YOU would hardly think that South Shields in the 'thirties was a pleasant place to live in. Yet, writing about his childhood there, James Kirkup has produced a beautiful, moving book.

Its beauty springs from his ability to re-enter his childhood world and re-create the very texture of his life. His mother and father, the houses they lived in, school, the local streets, all these come alive so that you are able to enter Kirkup's world. But this is not a private world. Again and again while reading the book I began to re-experience my own childhood, even though it was ten years after James Kirkup's, and in a quite different part of the country. I was reminded of it when reading about the children playing in the street:

Boys liked to swarm up the lamp-posts and swing from the bracket against which the lamplighter leaned his ladder when he came to clean the panes of the lantern. Girls threw their skipping ropes over the bracket and swung round the lamp-post in ever narrowing circles, then swung out again in wider and wider ones. Sometimes they knocked into passers-by and got a skelp over the lug-hole. If a policeman appeared they would cry:

Hand on!
Mind the step!
Mind the napper!

And they would take to their heels—holes in black stockings disguised by an application of ink—chanting their mocking refrains, though not before retrieving their skipping rope.

Or when Kirkup describes washing day:

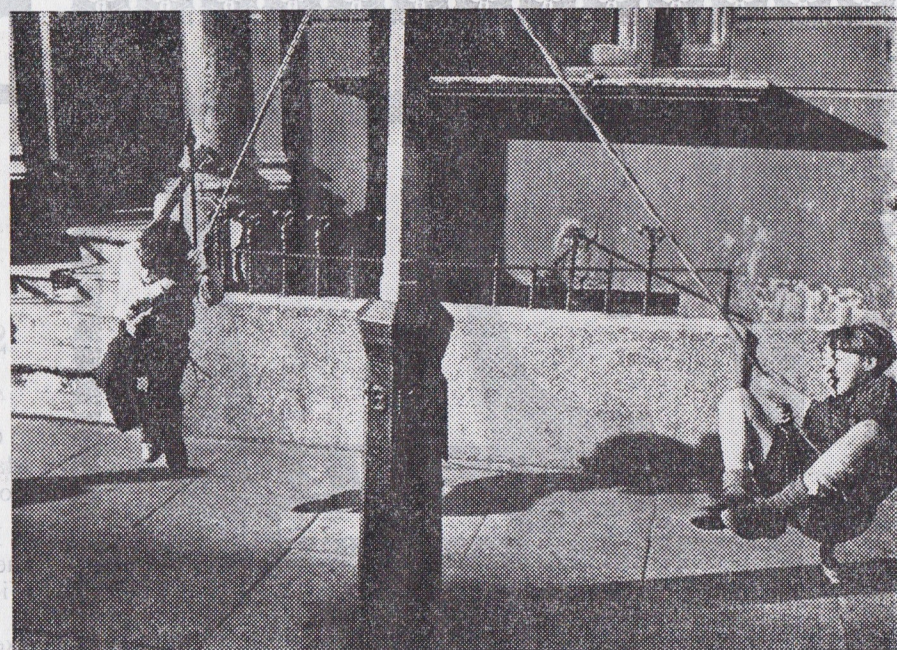
Washing day, too, was still on Monday when I could lend a hand by turning the great clanking iron wheel of the mangle or 'wringer' as we called it, while my mother fed the big, fat, white wood rollers with soaking blankets, towels and sheets. I can still hear the cranking, grinding and clattering of the oily cogs and the swish of soapy, dolly-bagged water falling into the tub underneath the towering rusty metal wringing machine. There was a tooth missing in one of the cog-wheels, and I delighted in the syncopated rhythm this gave to our work. Ours was a real old-fashioned wash-house.

Part of the quality of the book is the result of Kirkup being a lonely child who lived in his imagination a great deal. He had few friends and he was fond of escaping into out of the way hiding places like cupboards and coal-sheds. This meant that he was much more aware of the world and the people who surrounded him than if he had been a more gregarious child. But this same quality is also responsible for the one weakness of the book. I missed in it any real sense of the warmth and vitality of a working class childhood which comes from belonging to gangs and playing games like football and cricket.

The book might also be criticised on the grounds that it has very few references to the political and social context of Kirkup's childhood—mass unemployment and the menace of war. His only real reference to this context is in three lines:

"The dread of war hung round us all the time, and grew greater as the 'thirties advanced: Mussolini and Abyssinia, the Spanish Civil War and Franco, Hitler and Nazi Germany."

But this seems to me right. A child is only dimly aware of these problems and



Both of the photographs in this article are by Roger Mayne. I have chosen them because I feel they express visually exactly the same sense of the child's world as James Kirkup creates in his book.

Mr. Kirkup is not a grown-up looking back but an imaginative writer trying to bring back his childhood. He is, in fact, trying to see things as a child.

Any review of "Sorrows, Passions and Alarms" would be incomplete without some mention of James Kirkup's quiet humour. Let me quote just one example of it:

"Even the Co-op. came in for my father's censure. He enjoyed recalling an incident at a 'free-prayer' meeting at Chapel when someone with a ready flow of pious words and sentiments had ended an address to his Maker with a request that he might see his way clear to increasing the Co-op. 'divvy.' This demand, according to my father—I can see him beaming with wry amusement as he told the tale—was followed by a chorus of sonorous 'Amen's' from members of the Co-operative Wholesale Society in the congregation, after which a choir of mooring contraltos from the Mothers Meeting sang:

Count your blessings, count them one by one,

And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.

"At the end of the prayer meeting the preacher announced that the silver col-

lector had failed. . . My appeal received intelligent and sympathetic consideration, and I was drafted to work on the land for the next five years."

The bombs are still with us. Is it too much to hope that somebody like James Kirkup, now growing up, might be able to end his autobiography in a completely different way?

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DICK SHEPPARD HOUSE
6, Endsleigh Street London, W.C.1

NEW SHERWOOD SCHOOL, EPSOM

A Co-educational, progressive, parent-owned school, emphasising co-operation rather than competition, takes day and boarding pupils 5 to 18. EPSOM 9619

And they would take to their heels—
holes in black stockings disguised by an
application of ink—chanting their mocking
refrains, though not before retrieving their
skippy rope.

When Kirkup describes washing day :
Washing day, too, was still on Mon-
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“At the end of the prayer meeting the
preacher announced that the silver col-
lection had been the largest on record
and that (Hallelujah!) Christ paid divi-
dends.”

I was unhappy to reach the end of the
book not only because it was the end of
James Kirkup's childhood but also because
of the ominous note that comes in:

“I took a bad degree, but the bombs
were falling, and I no longer cared. My
first hearing in court as a conscientious

SPUTNIK

This poem is by a 14-year-old Devon
grammar schoolgirl.

The Russians caused a great commo-
tion,
Filled the world with apprehension.
The Americans with consternation
Have lost their “super elevation.”
“Sputnik 1 and Sputnik 2—
Whatever are we going to do?”
Statesmen, scientists, lost their sleep.
Circling round the world: “Bleep,
Bleep!”
Inside a dog: eating, breathing,
sleeping,
While Russia careful watch is
keeping
But the dog-lovers of every nation
are filled with righteous indignation.
All the world now holds its breath—
“Does this mean war, peace, life or
death?”

The Americans with well-filled
pockets
Have tried their newest atom rockets.
On the earth research must strive
For peace, and keeping us alive.

—June Michelmores

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By Sybil Morrison

GUARD OF DEATH

nothing has happened to justify lowering our guard.—Mr. Herter, US Secretary of State, Paris, December 13, 1959.

THE conception of defence as it used to be when men wore suits of mail that might deflect the onslaught of sword and lance, is brought to mind by the words "on guard." To lower the sword point or drop the shield, before there was certainty of the opponent's collapse was the very last movement any warrior would dream of making.

When the enemy's sword had been struck from his hand it was still necessary, even then, to beat down the shield and penetrate the armour, unless, of course, he should cry "halt" and surrender his weapons.

In war the sentry must never sleep; his rifle must be loaded and held in a position that makes it ready for instant use; the guns and tanks, warships and submarines, bombers and fighters must always be ready, equipped with men and ammunition. The guard, in fact, is never lowered.

Even in times of so-called "peace," when there is no nation actually engaged in war with another, armaments are continuously piled up in readiness for use. Men are recruited to the army, navy and air force and trained in the modern methods of attack in precisely the same way as the knight in armour learned to use his sword and lance.

As in those far away centuries the means of defence depended upon ability to attack, so it is to-day; everywhere nations are preparing instruments of war, which have no purpose but to attack, and are completely useless in any other capacity.



It is perfectly clear that there is no defence for the individual person under attack from nuclear bombs or rockets; the only defence from a Government's point of view is, as it was when the bombs and rockets were not fitted with nuclear warheads, but simply with high explosive, attack upon the individual person in the enemy's country. There is nothing for the individual human being in modern war but this ghastly guard

People and places

EXERCISING POWER

ONE of the most fundamental arguments against colonialism has been put forward again recently by Fenner Brockway.

People in the colonial Power, like people everywhere, he says, just aren't interested enough in overseas affairs to have the right to decide the conditions of other people's lives.

That applies to colonial Powers that are nominal democracies. The situation is even worse, of course if the imperial Power doesn't even allow at home the conventional machinery of democracy. In that case power is more tightly in the hands of much fewer people. Conclusion: no people or Government ought to have this power in their hands.

Now think what power is given to the man who finally decides whether a person condemned to death shall in fact be executed.

In Britain this man is the Home Secretary. By chance I've recently come across a couple of references to how such men have exercised this terrible power.

In a recent issue of the New York Times there was an adulatory piece on Churchill on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday. It happened to mention, amongst tales of his early exploits in warfare, that:

"In his younger days as Home Secretary, for all he had seen of war, he would lie awake all night before the execution of a murderer he had not been able to reprieve."

Then there was an interview in the News Chronicle with Lord Morrison, the latest of the Labour peers. Frank Barber put a few questions to the man who was at the Home Office for five years in the wartime coalition Government. I quote:

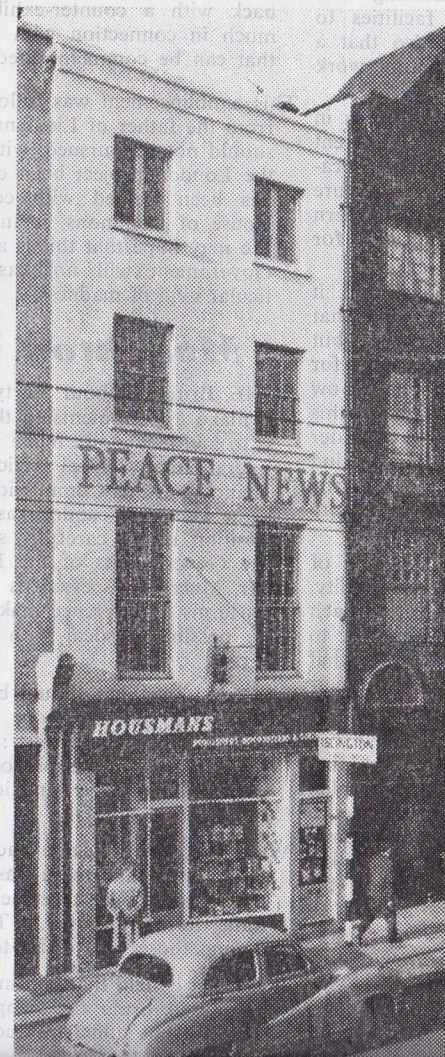
Barber: Did you ever find it hard to withhold a reprieve?

Morrison: It's a nasty job, but it's no good getting in a state of neurosis about it. I've heard of Home Secretaries who have walked up and down for three days on end, worried to death. Not good.

I have delayed for 24 hours—or even 48, because I wanted to think about it.

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This isn't the only advantage of Housmans. Just to be in the well-lighted, tastefully decorated new shop is a pleasure. It really is the most exciting feature of the new PN premises. And besides the classics



PEACE NEWS, December 18, 1959—3

TAX EQUATION

A BRISTOL reader recently sent the following letter to his local Collector of Taxes:

"I enclose herewith £1 4s. 6d., in settlement of the attached, which is being paid under protest because of the percentage which is being used for war purposes.

"I am sending an equivalent amount to Peace News in order that their efforts in the cause of peace can be strengthened."

May we commend his example to other readers? And then...

A guest at a YMCA centre in South Devon, discovering the zeal for peace of a Quaker staying there, handed him £5 "for any good cause." Our Quaker friend promptly sent the money to Peace News, accompanying it with a further five guineas of his own.

So the Peace News Fund, through which our readers keep the Peace News organisation in existence, moves towards its target. We need all the help possible to balance our budget and hope you will respond generously to the appeal from Michael Scott enclosed with this issue.

THE EDITOR.

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Still needed: £1,453.

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'Water and Boats' in the Haymarket

By ROBERT GREACEN

DENNIS JAMES, painter, educationist and pacifist, is one of the directors of the new Comedy Gallery in Oxendon Street, Haymarket, London. A very interesting and varied exhibition of paintings and water colours by Dennis James, entitled "Water and Boats," recently opened there by Maxine Audley, can be warmly recommended.



Secretary of State, December 13, 1959.

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As in those far away centuries the means of defence depended upon ability to attack, so it is to-day; everywhere nations are preparing instruments of war, which have no purpose but to attack, and are completely useless in any other capacity.

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It is perfectly clear that there is no defence for the individual person under attack from nuclear bombs or rockets; the only defence from a Government's point of view is, as it was when the bombs and rockets were not fitted with nuclear warheads, but simply with high explosive, attack upon the individual person in the enemy's country. There is nothing for the individual human being in modern war but this ghastly guard of reciprocal death.

The monstrous impasse to which this inevitable method of defence has brought the whole world has been exercising the minds of the leaders of the nations in recent months; hence the propaganda disarmament speeches at the United Nations Assembly, and the efforts being made by Governments to meet in conference.

It is a precarious and slender hope that talks may take the place of war, but it is, nevertheless, a hope that has begun to show a glimmer in the sight of many worried and anxious people; and it is into this atmosphere of hope that the United States Secretary of State chooses to launch his plea

People in the colonial Powers, like people everywhere, he says, just aren't interested enough in overseas affairs to have the right to decide the conditions of other people's lives.

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Barber: Did you ever find it hard to withhold a reprieve?

Morrison: It's a nasty job, but it's no good getting in a state of neurosis about it. I've heard of Home Secretaries who have walked up and down for three days on end, worried to death. Not good.

I have delayed for 24 hours—or even 48, because I wanted to think about it.

Barber: I think Chuter Ede has said that he does have doubts about the guilt of one man he did not reprieve?

Morrison: I don't remember one myself. But, of course, Chuter has got himself into a bit of a state about it, and I gather he has also said he wouldn't do that job again.

Chuter Ede, incidentally, was the unhappy Labour Home Secretary from 1945 to 1951, under whom executions continued despite his personal convictions.

I must say I didn't like Morrison's bit about the decision "delayed for 24 hours."

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I have already mentioned, a wide variety of other books are available from Penguin Classics to children's annuals—this is not to mention the accessories like Christmas cards, stationery, etc.

The greatest pleasure of all, however, is the kind of attention you receive at Housmans. In too many bookshops you get the feeling that the assistants actively hate books and would be happier selling shoes. Dora Dawtry, Housmans manager, really knows about and likes books. And she's perfectly happy to let you wander around

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'Water and Boats' in the Haymarket

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The gallery itself is situated in a house built in 1673, the first of the new domestic buildings in the district. Its façade heralded the Georgian era. Only eighteen months ago this derelict house was bought for its site value only by the architect N. J. Aslan, who has done an excellent job of restoration. Among the special features of the new building are a roof garden and decorative paintings by the Italian artist de la Rosa and Dennis James, who has contributed a mural of a new bridge in Florence. The house, which is well worth a visit, is probably the last remaining Georgian building of its period in the West End.

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It is perfectly clear that there is no defence for the individual person under attack from nuclear bombs or rockets; the only defence from a Government's point of view is, as it was when the bombs and rockets were not fitted with nuclear warheads, but simply with high explosive, attack upon the individual person in the enemy's country. There is nothing for the individual human being in modern war but this ghastly guard of reciprocal death.

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It is a precarious and slender hope that talks may take the place of war, but it is, nevertheless, a hope that has begun to show a glimmer in the sight of many worried and anxious people; and it is into this atmosphere of hope that the United States Secretary of State chooses to launch his plea that the West should not lower its guard; this dramatic and romantic phrase merely meaning to keep on manufacturing and stockpiling weapons which, if used, will reduce the world to the dead, grey ashes of a burned out fire.

It is, therefore, pertinent to ask what action on the part of Russia would convince Mr. Herter that it was possible to lower his guard; what word or deed would make him sure that he could advocate the cessation of arms production and the gradual diminishment of armed forces; what, in fact, would give him the sense of security that he demands before he would agree to disarmament?

The answer surely is that if Mr. Khrushchev would be the first to lower his guard, if he were to sheathe his sword and throw away his shield, then Mr. Herter would be ready to stand at ease and rest his sword point upon the ground. There can be no question that an action which showed that nuclear power in Russia was no longer used for making bombs; that factories were turning over to the production of ploughshares, and labour deployed for that purpose, would be a convincing proof of good and peaceful intention.

If this is the way to produce belief that danger is over, and security assured, then it should not be necessary to wait for Russia. Let it begin with us!

Then there was an interview in the News Chronicle with Lord Morrison, the latest of the Labour peers. Frank Barber put a few questions to the man who was at the Home Office for five years in the wartime coalition Government. I quote:

Barber: Did you ever find it hard to withhold a reprieve?

Morrison: It's a nasty job, but it's no good getting in a state of neurosis about it. I've heard of Home Secretaries who have walked up and down for three days on end, worried to death. Not good.

I have delayed for 24 hours—or even 48, because I wanted to think about it.

Barber: I think Chuter Ede has said that he does have doubts about the guilt of one man he did not reprieve?

Morrison: I don't remember one myself. But, of course, Chuter has got himself into a bit of a state about it, and I gather he has also said he wouldn't do that job again.

Chuter Ede, incidentally, was the unhappy Labour Home Secretary from 1945 to 1951, under whom executions continued despite his personal convictions.

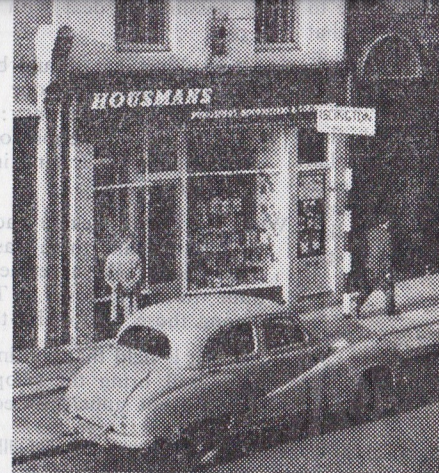
I must say I didn't like Morrison's bit about the decision "delayed for 24 hours." It indicates to me that this man—who was a conscientious objector in World War I—usually took just a few minutes to refuse a reprieve and despatch the man or (woman) to the gallows.

It's encouraging that some Home Secretaries are humanly worried when they decide that a man's neck must be broken. But the exercise of this power can clearly remove even much of this humanity ("it's no good getting in a state of neurosis about it"). No one should have this sort of power either.

New home

IT is too easy to think of pacifism purely in terms of an individual refusal to take part in war. It is also a perversion of the pacifist tradition. One only has to read some of the pacifist classics like Thoreau's "On Civil Disobedience," Tolstoy's essays, Richard Gregg's "Power of Non-violence" or, more recently, "The Root is Man," by Dwight Macdonald, to realise this.

One of the great advantages of Housmans Bookshop is that all these books are readily obtainable through it. If the books



I have already mentioned, a wide variety of other books are available from Penguin Classics to children's annuals—this is not to mention the accessories like Christmas cards, stationery, etc.

The greatest pleasure of all, however, is the kind of attention you receive at Housmans. In too many bookshops you get the feeling that the assistants actively hate books and would be happier selling shoes. Dora Dawtry, Housmans manager, really knows about and likes books. And she's perfectly happy to let you wander around the bookshop and browse. Housmans isn't the kind of bookshop where you go in to buy a novel and are sold a volume of sermons before you can open your mouth.

Perhaps I'll see you there some time.

Shifting Sandys

THE former British Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, has been moved to the harmless-sounding Ministry of Aviation; it should not be overlooked that a lot of his military factories and research stations have moved with him.

Mr. Sandys gave the full list at Question Time in the Commons on November 23.

Anyone who can't get to Aldermaston might like to draw the attention of local citizens to what goes on at a few of them: Royal Ordnance Factories at Cardiff and Burghfield; the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Boscombe Down; the Aircraft Torpedo Development Unit at Helston; and the Explosives Research and Development Establishments at Waltham Abbey and Woolwich.

—Phyz

Lady Clare Annesley, Treasurer, Peace News, 5, Caledonian Rd., London, N.1

'Water and Boats' in the Haymarket

By ROBERT GREACEN

DENNIS JAMES, painter, educationist and pacifist, is one of the directors of the new Comedy Gallery in Oxendon Street, Haymarket, London. A very interesting and varied exhibition of paintings and water colours by Dennis James, entitled "Water and Boats," recently opened there by Maxine Audley, can be warmly recommended.

The gallery itself is situated in a house built in 1673, the first of the new domestic buildings in the district. Its façade heralded the Georgian era. Only eighteen months ago this derelict house was bought for its site value only by the architect N. J. Aslan, who has done an excellent job of restoration. Among the special features of the new building are a roof garden and decorative paintings by the Italian artist de la Rosa and Dennis James, who has contributed a mural of a new bridge in Florence. The house, which is well worth a visit, is probably the last remaining Georgian building of its period in the West End. Dennis James' paintings—all of them carried out "on the spot"—range from London and Brixham in Devonshire to St. Jean, Cap Ferrat and the Ponte Santa Trinita in Florence. If his work must be given a label, perhaps the most fitting is that of English landscape impressionist painter, though some critics call him an "impressionist realist."

It might be added that Dennis James has never been an "ivory tower" artist, but one rather with a strong interest in social and educational work, as shown by his participation in Youth Centres and membership of the Educational Committee of the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. He has represented the Ministry of Education at European conferences on the art education of young people. As many readers of this journal will know, he has frequently placed his services at the disposal of Peace News. Finally, it may be said that in his capacity as director of the Comedy Gallery, he hopes to encourage new and little-known painters who find difficulty in having their work exhibited.

"Water and Boats" exhibition of paintings, 10-6 p.m. Mon.—Fri., 10-1 p.m. Sat., closing Tues., Dec. 22.

The Crowther Report

WE are always behind in our progress on education. We make plans for advance and then fail to carry them out, war and preparation therefor being, of course, the main reason. Much that is in the Crowther Report is sadly belated, but the Report is very welcome for all that. It may be regretted that the extension of the general school-leaving age in Britain to 16 is proposed for not earlier than 1966, but the calculations of the Council as to the population trend and the possibilities in regard to the availability of teachers have to be accepted on this point.

The Council's general approach to the subject is a healthy one, with its condemnation of too early specialisation. It also emphasises the need for more education in what the Report calls "aesthetic" subjects, while holding that science specialists should be given more facilities to obtain a grounding in the humanities and also that a greater understanding of the operations of scientific work should be inculcated in students of the arts.

I am inclined to hope that much of the unhealthiness in present-day attitudes might be put right by a different attitude to education. The documentary film of Piccadilly Circus called "Nice Time" gives a horrific picture of the values that obtain over a wide area of modern life, and "The Savage Eye" does much the same for some aspects of life in America.

These are selective commentaries on life today, and it would be too pessimistic to regard the tawdry values that they depict as being generally prevalent in society, but one has only to look through the advertisements for entertainments in an evening newspaper to perceive how widely they are in operation. The latest sign of this trend to make its appearance is a restaurant which, under the sign of "The Guinea and the Piggy," offers a kind of gamble between proprietor and clients in which the latter may win if they succeed in eating food worth more than a guinea at their meal.

I nurse the hope that the remedy for this cheapening of values as increasing affluence comes upon the community, as in many other of our problems, lies in our approach to education, the primary purpose of which should be to develop the capacity for the "good life," or, if that sounds rather pretentious, the teaching of the new generations how to enjoy life so that they shall not waste their capacity for pleasure on the cheap and worthless.

It is no criticism of the Crowther Report to remark that its time-schedule prompts the grim thought that a plan for education designed to reach fulfilment 20 years hence requires a resolute turning away from the apparently likely prospects before the world for one to assume that the conditions for the Report's implementation in the 1980s will be present.

Moorhouse museum

THE outcome in Britain of the reaction following the stupid project for the setting up of a "Moorhouse

COMMENTARY

By

J. Allen Skinner

Museum" in the house at Port Said in which Second-Lieutenant Moorhouse met his tragic death is encouraging. Britain has not, of course, a monopoly of people of the "Empire Loyalist" type. The museum is apparently a piece of private enterprise by their counterparts in Egypt. It was immediately followed by the announcement of a plan by a military group in London to hit back with a counter-exhibition, although there is not much in connection with the British invasion of Egypt that can be commemorated with any credit to ourselves.

This announcement was followed by a very moving appeal from the father of Lieutenant Moorhouse that the matter should not be pursued, with the result that, not only has the London project been dropped, but the whole matter has been treated with commendable restraint by the House of Commons, including even the "Suez Group." We may hope that this is a sign that even a Conservative Government will not easily fall again into this particular kind of madness.

Monckton Commission

THE British Labour Party has done well to refuse to make appointments to the Monckton Commission that is to investigate and make recommendations regarding the operation of Central African Federation. There is little chance that this Commission will reach conclusions of the same explosive candour as the Devlin Report. Its composition is too carefully selected to meet the wishes of the Governments of the Rhodesias for that. Similarly, Mr. Macmillan's evasions regarding the scope offered by its terms of reference make it doubtful whether it would be possible to deal with the main issue in a minority report.

The first thing that should be investigated in this matter is something that even our "liberal" newspapers seem to regard as an irrelevancy: whether there is or is not a majority of the people of Nyasaland in favour of the association of their land in federation with Southern and Northern Rhodesia.

When Lord Perth came back from his visit to Nyasaland he admitted that there was very widespread opposition to Federation. He nevertheless urged that it should continue to be imposed. This is an intolerable attitude among those who claim to be part of the "free world."

Even if it is held that continued association with the Federation will bring the people of Nyasaland benefits that they are not sufficiently educated to perceive, the remedy

is to bring their education to the point of capacity for self-government and then to let them make their own choice; but it is not impossible that the Nyasaland people can see aspects of this matter that people like Lord Perth are incapable of perceiving.

I believe that the Peace Pledge Union has put the matter in right perspective in its statement on the subject in which it asserted the immediate right of the people of Nyasaland to secede from the Federation and urged that there should be racial partnership aimed at bringing them to a capacity for full self-government by an agreed date. It is only when self-government is attained that the question of federation should arise; and if the people of Nyasaland should then prefer to make another choice that is their business.

'Standing Orders'

I SHOULD like to know more about what is implied in the decision that was taken last month by the British Parliamentary Labour Party to rescind its Standing Orders. The five points of Mr. Gaitskell's statement that accompanied the decision seemed to imply that despite the rescindment matters would be left much as they were. Possibly a little more freedom was to be left to members in the formulation of motions and amendments, but on the question of voting Mr. Gaitskell laid it down that members would be expected to observe collective decisions although they would retain the right of abstention in a vote on "grounds of deeply held conscientious conviction."

This matter was raised after the Election in a letter to Mr. Morgan Phillips by Frank Allaun and Emrys Hughes among others. The association of Frank Allaun's name with the letter will remind readers of Peace News that this issue has a special importance today because of the question of the H-bomb. The question of the rightness or wrongness of the manufacture and stockpiling of the H-bomb is of such enormous importance to mankind that abstention from the vote on such a subject becomes an abdication from moral responsibility.

It should be understood what is involved here. If those in the House of Commons who believe that Britain should unconditionally renounce this weapon were to cast their votes in this sense it would not change the policy of the Government in the matter. It would not do this even if there were a Labour Government, for the Conservatives would vote beside the Labour majority. What such a vote would do, however, would be to present the most important matter in politics today as a living issue before the public.

It is of very great importance that this should be done. That we have had a General Election in which this greatest political issue that mankind has had to face was not even discussed with the electorate is a terrible portent as to what can be before us. Those who hold that the H-bomb presents us with the most important moral choice that has ever lain before mankind have no right to acquiesce in an attempt to keep it out of politics.

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Opinion in France

THE French Bomb programme foresees by 1963-65 100 nuclear bombers with a maximum speed of Mach II (1,320 m.p.h.). The Times' Paris correspondent reported on December 10.

"It is probably true," he wrote, "that, although various Left-wing intellectuals are campaigning against the French Bomb, the great majority of Frenchmen, including the socialists, are in favour of the country's proceeding with her nuclear programme, and in particular with the forthcoming tests in the Sahara.

"It was not, after all, General de Gaulle and the Fifth Republic who decided to make France a nuclear Power; that decision was taken long before General de Gaulle returned to office."

South American weapons

A MOVEMENT urging general disarmament in Latin America has been launched by the Chilean President, Senor Alessandri.

Peru has taken this a stage further with a proposal for a Latin American disarmament conference which has already been endorsed by, among others, Brazil, Argentina and Ecuador.

Some South American countries' expenditure on arms is "out of all proportion to their financial resources and their needs in other fields," a special correspondent of The Times wrote on December 11.

"Apart from the competition for pres-

tige among these countries," the report continued, "a fact that most of their Governments have to consider is the political influence of their armed forces, and they are constantly under pressure to provide them with more and better equipment to enhance their status."

"Outside the Carribean there is no issue now between any of these countries which would inspire them even to consider taking up arms against one another."

Verdict of the Experts

A SPECIAL US Congressional study on foreign policy, published on December 5, raised strong opposition to total disarmament.

Disarmament down to police force level, it said, was "not synonymous with maximum stability and may in fact be inconsistent with it."

"It is highly unlikely," the study added, "that any 'foolproof' arms control can be devised."

The study, dealing with the effects of military technology on strategy and policy, was prepared for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee by the Washington Centre of Foreign Policy Research of the John Hopkins University.

It cited fears that in the early 'sixties the "missile gap" between Russia and the USA would pose "the greatest danger to its security that the US has ever faced."

The development of inter-continental

missiles had "gravely increased the temptations to strike in a nuclear war." The study "stresses this view several times," The New York Times reported.



In Kenya 530 Africans are liable on conviction to imprisonment if they leave without permission areas to which they are restricted without any previous trial. The Colonial Secretary revealed this on December 10 in a written answer to a Parliamentary question from Mr. Elwyn Jones, MP.

The Bundestag Defence Committee has approved an appropriation of 480,000,000 marks (about £40,000,000) for the purchase by West Germany of missiles capable of carrying atomic warheads, The Times' Bonn correspondent reported on December 10.

World Refugee Year will solve the outstanding problem of the old refugee camps in Europe, thinks UN High Commissioner for Refugees, Dr. August R. Lindt. He said this in London recently during a week's visit to Britain completed on December 3.

The Algerian war takes a toll averaging 95 lives daily. It also costs \$3,000,000 a day, the New York Times reported on December 6. The war entered its sixth year on November 1.

"Everyman's United Nations," a 25s., sixth edition reference book on all UN activities, will shortly be available in Britain through HM Stationery Office.

THIS IS YOUR WORLD

Interviews with Dr. Banda, jailed indefinitely without charge or trial in the Central African Federation, take place in the presence of a prison officer and no "discussion of political questions" is allowed, the Colonial Secretary stated on December 10.

Compulsory military training has been announced by Indonesia in its strategic border islands fringing Dutch West New Guinea, The Times reported on December 10.

Two hundred refugees will be taken to Britain from European camps under a scheme organised for the World Refugee Year, The Times reported on December 11.

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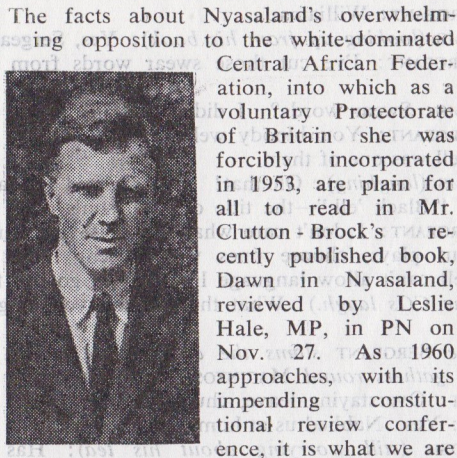
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Margaret Tims writes about her interview with

GUY CLUTTON-BROCK

AN appeal to the British people to meet the challenge of Nyasaland in the spirit of Christianity, humanity and justice is the message of Guy Clutton-Brock, pioneer of multi-racial community development in Southern Rhodesia, who with his wife and co-worker Molly is now on a three-months visit to this country.



The facts about Nyasaland's overwhelming opposition to the white-dominated Central African Federation, into which as a voluntary Protectorate of Britain she was forcibly incorporated in 1953, are plain for all to read in Mr. Clutton-Brock's recently published book, *Dawn in Nyasaland*, reviewed by Leslie Hale, MP, in PN on Nov. 27. As 1960 approaches, with its impending constitutional review conference, it is what we are

going to do about these facts that becomes of increasingly urgent importance. "The only force that can break the present political deadlock in Central Africa is British public opinion," says Guy Clutton-Brock. He believes that the Labour Party was right to refuse to participate in the one-sided Monckton Commission. Although Guy Clutton-Brock is a member of the African National Congress and was arrested when a state of emergency was declared in Southern Rhodesia last February, as a Christian he was drawn into politics only as he found his work of village community development increasingly hampered by the Federal stranglehold. The confidence of Africans in British Government officials has been destroyed, whilst the Chiefs have been placed in the invidious position of supporting the African National Congress in their hearts whilst paying lip-service to Government policies which, as virtual civil servants, they are supposed to carry out.

European affect in Africa

African village life has to a large extent been disintegrated by the coming of

relevance in Africa, which must evolve its own religious forms—this rising tide of Africanism is "a movement of the spirit of the deepest significance."

It is a movement that is going on in all the under-developed parts of the world: a challenge to the Christian West to live by its own precepts.

Christianity should set the pattern for the whole of political, economic and social life; the message of the gospels must be translated into the big, international organisations. Already, he believes, this change is coming, as is shown in the

growth of agencies such as the World Food Board.

That such a revolution must be non-violent scarcely needs to be said. But Guy Clutton-Brock does say it, categorically: "I believe absolutely and implicitly in non-violence. By implication, the whole African way of life is non-violent. The remarkable thing in the last 60 years, considering the provocations, has been the incredible patience and non-violence of the Africans."

Will the Africans take to "direct action" if constitutional means fail? He thinks it unlikely. There may be sporadic rioting, but they do not find it easy to plan action to undermine authority: "They are naturally courteous and have the greatest respect for authority, and for the Queen."

And Britain, a "civilised" country, responds to this respect with betrayal and repression! Is there really no better way? The Clutton-Brocks have one, and they will go back to Africa to proclaim it as they are proclaiming it now in England:

"We have got to give the African people their freedom. We may conceive it to be a risk, but the only hope is to risk losing our life in order to save it. Otherwise there is going to be the gravest disaster in Central Africa. But if we do take the risk, we shall enter with them into a future in which the keynote will in fact be partnership."

Partnership—or perdition. Which way shall it be? It is for us, the British people, to decide; and time is getting short.

HARK THE HERALD

A talk of instruction to a public relations team

"GENTLEMEN. Our wits are pitted against a very dangerous concept. It is our job to ensure that the institution known as Christmas continues to be palatable to the masses, and that it does not, by default, throw back to its disturbing and highly contagious origins.

"In a sense the task is made easier for us by a century of big business, preceded by centuries coloured by various hierarchical interests. Towards the end of the last century, very skilful use was made of a sentimental, but latently risky viewpoint put forward by the popular author Charles Dickens. Our predecessors did a good job, gentlemen. They were able to draw the sting, and sell a sugary deposit which proved enormously popular.

"It is true that some misguided idealists in pulpits and elsewhere have tried to sabotage the patient efforts of our profession in this field, but they have never had, and will never have, the resources at our command. They do not have, as we do, the unconscious co-operation of the very masses who

plorable business of King Herod and the children. Our Client regards this as having libellous implications towards himself, and expressly forbids any mention of the incident. But even apart from that, the episode casts a blanket of gloom over the whole proceedings. Our masses must be happy and content, not disturbed. Our theme is birth, not death. Palatable death calls for quite a different public relations technique; and in any case, the subsequent death of Jesus was highly unpalatable, as you may remember. It must not be allowed to throw any shadow across Christmas.

"The third danger point is the reference that is apt to come up concerning

By Jack Shepherd

'The Prince of Peace.' This needs very careful handling. The general concept of 'peace on earth' is quite harmless, and even useful to us as an attractive opiate. But once people start thinking about the precise way in which Jesus

Claus to take the edge off the situation, as a sort of God-figure. We can distract attention from the disturbing intentions of God, to the antics of an amiable buffoon. Thus we lead the masses to conclude that what God was up to was simply the provision of a good time, at least for a few days a year, and very nice too.

"And finally, Christmas carols. People *will* sing them, or attempt to do so. If they were to regard them seriously, or to pause to consider what they are singing, it would go hard for us. But nobody ever does. Most people do not know the words beyond the opening lines, and they have rare access to hymn books. The tunes are what they really like, and there is no harm in the tunes. But it would be safe to adapt them as broadly as possible for, say, carillon bells, dance bands, motor horns, and musical-boxes.

"By now, gentlemen, the more shrewd among you will have realised what we are doing. We are seizing that exasperating thing—the incipient saintliness in people—and we are siphoning it off, harmlessly. For a few furious days we

February, as a Christian he was drawn into politics only as he found his work of village community development increasingly hampered by the Federal stranglehold. The confidence of Africans in British Government officials has been destroyed, whilst the Chiefs have been placed in the invidious position of supporting the African National Congress in their hearts whilst paying lip-service to Government policies which, as virtual civil servants, they are supposed to carry out.

European affect in Africa

African village life has to a large extent been disintegrated by the coming of European "civilisation" to Central Africa, where—it is now being discovered by anthropologists—the first human communities were built many centuries ago. This long tradition of tribal life brought a strong feeling of security to the African people, says Mr. Clutton-Brock, which may have held them back from the kind advances made by other races, often out of a basic insecurity:

"They have not developed the technique of producing the atom bomb, but they have developed a technique of living in a community with a very high degree of integration and participation of all people. African traditional life caters for every eventuality."

It was also a democratic community:

"The chief is not an autocrat but is appointed by the people, and no decision is taken unless it receives the agreement of all the people; almost a Quaker form of agreement by common consent."

The Clutton-Brocks have been in Africa ten years and the most significant thing they have found there is the deep awareness "in the heart of every little African child in every little kraal school" of up-rising Africanism and the sense of an African community: "it is sweeping through these territories like an irresistible tide and nobody can stand up against it."

Will Britain work with the tide, or will she bury her head in the sand and refuse to acknowledge its existence? That is the crucial question for the coming year. It is a question that goes much deeper than politics. To Guy Clutton-Brock, a devout Christian who bases his belief on the Sermon on the Mount rather than on a denominational Church—because he feels that Western denominations have little

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By Jack Shepherd

'The Prince of Peace.' This needs very careful handling. The general concept of 'peace on earth' is quite harmless, and even useful to us as an attractive opiate. But once people start thinking about the precise way in which Jesus can be called the Prince of Peace, we shall have our backs to the wall.

"On no account must they link with this title his subsequent death. It is our job to spotlight the manger scene, and fortunately we find material to hand. The kneeling kings suggest the element of princeliness, and the angels and animals suggest peace. Let the masses somehow assume that this is what is meant. Suitably soporific under the influence of the food and drink we impel them to buy, they will not press the matter further. After Christmas, when the soporific has worn off, they will have other things to worry about.

"I assure you, gentlemen, that this is important. An immense fabric of established order, comprising the whole body-politic, depends for its security on the tactful suppression of the real but frightful significance of the Prince of Peace as applied to Jesus.

"Danger point number four arises from the fact that we can hardly avoid having a lot of *kneeling* people in the manger tableau. Though few people pause to consider the implication, there does lurk in the background the notion that worship is being offered, and this presents that element which we always find so awkward: God. Of course, it can safely be taken for granted that God has something to do with all this Christmas affair, but normally it is on the level on which people say 'Thank God' or 'God knows.' It means nothing, and even adds a little to the general coziness. There is no harm in that. "The danger arises when any excess of kneeling and worship causes people to wonder just what God was up to. Fortunately we have the concept of Santa

ously, or to pause to consider what they are singing, it would go hard for us. But nobody ever does. Most people do not know the words beyond the opening lines, and they have rare access to hymn books. The tunes are what they really like, and there is no harm in the tunes. But it would be safe to adapt them as broadly as possible for, say, carillon bells, dance bands, motor horns, and musical-boxes.

"By now, gentlemen, the more shrewd among you will have realised what we are doing. We are seizing that exasperating thing—the incipient saintliness in people—and we are siphoning it off, harmlessly. For a few furious days we whip them into a frenzy of goodwill, kindness, handshaking, back thumping, and benevolent musings. When it is all over, they go back to the New Year with tempers normally acid and razor-sharp. We will have steered them around a number of dangerous corners. They will not have escaped us, but there they will remain, ripe for our continued endeavours."

"One last word. I observe some of you discreetly yawning and looking bored. Doubtless you are preoccupied by your own forthcoming festivities. Let me tell you this. You cannot afford to relax. You, sir! At the back. You cannot afford to grin.

"You don't realise what we're up against, perhaps? We are up against the birth commemoration of a person who came and told the human race that he was unfolding the destiny of people, that it was a destiny of freedom, and that it was here and now! That real life is based on love and forgiveness, that material success is real failure, that the crucifixion of integrity is the real victory; and other such pernicious notions. And you cannot just dismiss these as *airy* notions.

"If Jesus hadn't gone to that deplorable death on the strength of it all, it wouldn't have been so bad. As it is, our forbears have been doing battle for 20 centuries!

"Gentlemen, do not let down your illustrious forebears! Confine the survival of those ideas to discredited cranks. Beware of Christmas! Improve the mixture as before, and our Client will be eminently satisfied. Thank you, gentlemen."

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

A large bare room with whitewashed walls. It is very dark. The greater part of the floor space is occupied by a wooden platform, inclining to a level ridge along the further wall. In the left wall is a small square niche with a lighted gas-jet. Immediately to the right of the platform is a heavy door, and very high in the side walls are windows dust-covered and crossed with heavy iron bars.

Such are the main features of a scene which those who have been in the Army will at once recognise as a Military Detention Room. For the uninitiated, it should be explained that the platform is a bed and the ridge its pillow. It is supposed to accommodate six persons, but the family is often increased to ten, not to mention the unfortunates on the floor.

A thin stream of light penetrates through a round hole in the door, about the level of the eye; the object of the hole is to enable the military police in the Guard Room without to spy upon the prisoners;



At present there are seven prisoners; three in military uniform, four in civilian clothes.

[To the far right a prisoner in "civvies" is pacing moodily up and down. A man of about 24, determined and refined features. He is WILLIAMS, conscientious objector.

Grouped round the right front corner of the bed are two soldiers and two civilians (such we will term the COs) playing at cards lit by candles. ROBERTS, soldier, is little more than a boy. He coughs continuously. His partner, PHILLIPS, civilian, is a big clumsy country labourer. THOMAS, civilian, a short stolid man, dressed in knicker-bockers and a brown jersey. His soldier partner, GARNETT, is well-groomed, dark complexion.

At the back of the left side of the bed the remaining civilian, CONNELL, is busy writing. He is young, slight, romantic. Besides him is soldier JONES, red-haired, of dull expression.

Before the action of the play begins, it will be as well to state that it is impossible to reproduce the conversation of some of the characters. We have been as realistic as we have dared.

THOMAS (looking over his cards): What's up, Williams?
WILLIAMS (pausing in his steps): I'm only thinking out my Court Martial statement.

ROBERTS (his words broken by coughing): You can bloody well save yourself the trouble. It's two years' hard labour whatever yarn you spin.

WILLIAMS: It's not what they give me I'm concerned about. It's what I give them.

[ROBERTS returns to his cards with a shrug of his shoulders, as though the statement is beyond him.

GARNETT: It's good practice, anyhow.

WILLIAMS: What?

GARNETT: Tramping up and down. Five steps, turn. The size of the 'Scrubs cells.

[The COs, except CONNELL, look up with interest.

WILLIAMS: You've been in Wormwood Scrubs?

GARNETT: Sure. Been in the lot.

THOMAS: What for?

WILLIAMS: Where's your father now?

ROBERTS: He was shot down a yard from me. A month later I was gassed. (He spits). I've damned well had enough. I'm not going back.

[The sound of footsteps and of the jangling of keys. In a twinkling, the candles are blown out and hidden, the cigarettes extinguished, the cards pocketed. The door is thrown open and a private stands in the doorway. He has a genial kindly face. A blazing fire is seen in the Guard Room gate without.

THOMAS: Oh, it's Charlie.

CHARLIE: Come on, boys, get your bedding in. Three biscuits and two blankets for them that isn't tried. Blankets only for them that is sentenced.

[All the prisoners, with the exception of CONNELL and JONES, go through the door. Connell goes to the

THE R

faced. MACINTOSH and WILSON throw their bedding on the floor and face the SERGEANT.

WILSON: Can me and my mate have some tea?

THE SERGEANT: What do you take this for? A bloomin' hotel? Tea? Yes, with your breakfast.

MACINTOSH: We'll see about that.

THE SERGEANT: Williams.

WILLIAMS (looking up from his book): Yes, Sergeant.

THE SERGEANT: I've cut those swear words from your letter.

WILLIAMS: Swear words? I didn't put any in.

THE SERGEANT: You bloody well know you did. Two words. Hell was one of them.

WILLIAMS (laughing): Oh that! I was afraid I'd caught the habit. "Black 'ell"—the title of Malleson's play.

THE SERGEANT: I don't care what it is. If you want to write about plays, choose ones with decent titles. W bloody well can't allow language like that to go out from here. (The COs laugh.) What the hell are you laughin' at?

[The SERGEANT slams the door as he leaves. The group gathers round MACINTOSH and WILSON.

GARNETT: Overstaying leave, chums?

WILSON: Yes. Nabbed us at home.

MACINTOSH (still worrying about his tea): Has the Orderly Officer been yet?

PHILLIPS: He doesn't always come at night.

MACINTOSH: God send him and I'll make the Sergeant crawl! We're entitled to tea. Brought back by escort and had none.

WILSON (putting his arm through Macintosh's and pushing his way through the others prisoners): Cheerio, Herb! Let's have a song.

[They march the full length of the room and turn smartly. With the first return step they begin to sing.

When this bloody war is over
Oh how happy we'll be then
They may call on God Jehovah
But they'll want some different men
If another war comes on us
Conchies all of us will be
They may call on God Jehovah
But they'll call in vain on me.

THE SERGEANT (shouting loudly through the spy-hole):

This play was written on toilet paper and smuggled out under the arches

Stop that bloody row you bastards or I'll put you in the bloody cells.

MACINTOSH (equally loudly): Give us our bloody tea.

WILLIAMS (pausing in his speech): I'm thinking about my Court Martial statement.

ROBERTS (his words broken by coughing): You can bloody well save yourself the trouble. It's two years' hard labour whatever yarn you spin.

WILLIAMS: It's not what they give me I'm concerned about. It's what I give them.

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WILLIAMS: What?

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[The COs, except CONNELL, look up with interest.]

WILLIAMS: You've been in Wormwood Scrubs?

GARNETT: Sure. Been in the lot.

THOMAS: What for?

GARNETT: Relieving the rich of some of their ill-gotten gains. My profession.

WILLIAMS (amused): Has your profession landed you here?

GARNETT (winking): Not a word.

PHILLIPS: Come on. You can trust us.

GARNETT: O.K. I'm married. Do they expect me to keep her on a pound a week? I'd throw up my profession tomorrow and become a local preacher if I couldn't get her three times the Army allowance.

THOMAS: What's the good if it lands you in here?

GARNETT: Who said that? I'm here three days' absent. (A pause.) They were worth it.

[The card playing is renewed.]

GARNETT (to the room in general): Remember me to "Little Tich" at Scrubs.

PHILLIPS: Who's "Little Tich"?

GARNETT: Smartest man in our profession. Doing 18 months for a jewellery job, but it's not often he's caught. (He laughs.) Got converted at Pentonville.

WILLIAMS (curious): Converted?

GARNETT: Yes. Great triumph for the Chaplain. On his discharge "Tich" asked the Governor for a new start in life. The Governor obliged. "Tich" came away with his watch and chain.

[The conversation is interrupted by a severe fit of coughing from Roberts. At the end of it he lies on the bed exhausted. The card play is stopped and all the men, except CONNELL and JONES, whom nothing can disturb, gather round.]

ROBERTS (gasp): It's that damned gas. All right in a bit. (He sits up.) Give us a cig. Doctor told me to drop them, so I guess they'll keep me off the next draft.

WILLIAMS (handing him his case): I'm not sure that I ought! (ROBERTS takes a cigarette.) How old are you, Roberts?

ROBERTS: Eighteen next month.

WILLIAMS: Then how is it you've been to the front?

ROBERTS: God love you, I was out when I was fifteen.

THOMAS: How?

ROBERTS: I was born in the bloody army. When war broke, my father's regiment was in India and he was in the first draft to the front. I wanted to go with him, so I saw the Captain—on the quiet—and my age was put down at nineteen. In six weeks I was in the bloody trenches.

ROBERTS: He was shot at a yard from me. A month later I was gassed. (He spits.) I've damned well had enough. I'm not going back.

[The sound of footsteps and of the jangling of keys. In a twinkling, the candles are blown out and hidden, the cigarettes extinguished, the cards pocketed. The door is thrown open and a private stands in the doorway. He has a genial kindly face. A blazing fire is seen in the Guard Room grate without.]

THOMAS: Oh, it's Charlie.

CHARLIE: Come on, boys, get your bedding in. Three biscuits and two blankets for them that isn't tried. Blankets only for them that is sentenced.

[All the prisoners, with the exception of CONNELL and JONES, go through the door. Connell goes to the gas jet, followed by Jones, and reads to him what he has written. The prisoners return laden with blankets and small square mattresses, three of which make a bed.]

CHARLIE (to CONNELL and JONES): You two—want to sleep on the floor tonight?

CONNELL: Oh, I'm sorry. Didn't notice you'd come, Charlie.

[CONNELL and JONES, with the help of others, get their bedding in.]

CHARLIE (about to close the door): Another comrade coming tonight. A knock-out, too.

[The COs crowd round him, asking "Who is he?" "Where's he from?" Even CONNELL leaves JONES to press CHARLIE with questions.]

CHARLIE: You'll see in good time. He's worth the bloody lot of you put together. And no singing the "Red Flag" when he comes. (He closes the door with a bang.)

[The discussion of the identity of the new CO continues as the common bed is made, the mattresses covering the full surface, the blankets spread overlapping. Whilst this proceeds, CONNELL concludes his reading to JONES.]

CONNELL: There, that's the letter to your father done. Who's the other one to?

JONES (hesitates; speaks suddenly): Have you got a girl?

CONNELL: Of course I have. Here's her photo. Isn't she lovely?

JONES: A nice bit of stuff. (He also produces a photo.) But that's the goods for me.

CONNELL (politely): I'm sure she's nice.

JONES: Well, it's her I want to write to.

CONNELL: You mean it's to her you want me to write!

JONES: Will you?

CONNELL: Of course I will. It's just my line.

[THOMAS and PHILLIPS relight the candles by a piece of twisted paper thrust into the gas jet. The card-playing is resumed. WILLIAMS takes a book from his pocket and stands by the gas-jet reading. CONNELL prepares to write, with Jones by his side. Steps are again heard approaching the door. A key turns and the SERGEANT holds the door open to allow three privates carrying their bedding to enter. Two of them—MACINTOSH and WILSON—look as though they were familiar with Guard Rooms, but the third—GOULD—is embarrassed. THE SERGEANT is bullnecked, purple-

But they'll want some different men
If another war comes on us
Conchies all of us will be
They may call on God Jehovah
But they'll call in vain on me.

THE SERGEANT (shouting loudly through the spy-hole):

**This play was written on toilet paper
and smuggled out under the arches**

Stop that bloody row you bastards or I'll put you in the bloody cells.

MACINTOSH (equally loudly): Give us our bloody tea.

WILLIAMS: Where did you get the song from?

WILSON and MACINTOSH (still arm in arm, bow solemnly and speak in unison): The authors. (The COs laugh and cheer.)

WILSON: Are you conchies? Well, I don't blame you. It's hell out there.

[The candles are brought out again. MACINTOSH and WILSON join the game. WILLIAMS approaches GOULD, who still sits alone by his unpacked bedding.]

WILLIAMS: Cheer up, brother! What's the trouble? Been home without a pass?

GOULD (smiling): No. It's ridiculous. You'll laugh. I was arrested for walking arm in arm with my girl.

WILLIAMS (amazed): What? (He shouts so loudly that the general attention of the prisoners is attracted.) Are you serious?

GOULD: Quite. It's prohibited by the Regulations when you're in uniform.

WILLIAMS (turning to the others): Hear this, boys? It's a crime to walk arm in arm with your girl!

GOULD: The Red Cap warned us this afternoon. Caught us again this evening.

GARNETT: And is the girl at the police station?

[They all laugh and return to their card playing.]

CONNELL (to JONES): I've finished (Hands him sheet of notepaper.) What do you think of it?

[Jones reads with a look of incredulity and then anger.]

JONES: You dirty rotter.

CONNELL (pained): What's the matter? Don't you like it?

JONES: Like it? Do I want the girl to think I'm barmy? Making a fool of me because I can't write!

CONNELL: Making a fool of you? I hadn't the remotest intention of such a thing. On my honour, I hadn't.

JONES: Blimey! Do you write to your girl like that? That stuff about flowers and stars?

CONNELL: My letters to her are even better.

JONES: Here, let's look at her again. (Connell hands him the photo.) Coo, she must be a card!

CONNELL (smiling): Shall I try again? I'll pretend I'm writing to my mother-in-law.

[Steps outside are heard again. The key turns and the Orderly Officer enters, behind him the SERGEANT.]

THE SERGEANT: 'Shun!

[The soldiers leap to the salute. The COs stand as a matter of courtesy, but refrain from saluting.]

RECRUIT

BY FENNER BROCKWAY

THE CAPTAIN: Any complaints?

MACINTOSH (*saluting again*): Sir!

THE CAPTAIN: Well!

MACINTOSH (*in a monotone*): Me and Private Wilson arrived here under escort from Birmingham at half-past six. I asked for tea. The Sergeant said, "Do you think this is a blooming hotel?" We haven't had any tea.

THE CAPTAIN (*turning to the Sergeant*): See that these two men have the regulation ration at once.

THE SERGEANT (*purpler than ever*): Yessir.

THE CAPTAIN: Any other complaints?

THE COS: No, Sir.

[THE CAPTAIN and SERGEANT leave. MACINTOSH runs to the spy-hole.]

MACINTOSH: Captain's pulled Sergeant aside. Telling him off proper. Ha, ha! Still say nowt until breakfast, Sergeant? (*He clutches WILSON.*) Come on, chum. Let's sting our appetites for tea. (*They waltz noisily round the room. The door opens and the SERGEANT enters.*)

THE SERGEANT: Who the hell do you think you are, complaining to the Captain? Bloody Field Marshals? Wait till you get before the Colonel tomorrow. I'll give him some report.

[Enter Charlie with bowls of tea.]

MACINTOSH (*lifting a bowl*): Your health, Sergeant.

[The SERGEANT goes out with a growl. Returns and throws two slabs of bread and butter on the bed.]

MACINTOSH (*bowing*): Thank you, Sergeant. So sorry to have troubled you.

[The SERGEANT leaves. CHARLIE prepares to follow.]

CHARLIE (*in a whisper, smiling*): Shan't half get it from him tonight!

[Exit CHARLIE. The door is closed.]

PHILLIPS: Well, boys, who says bed?

THOMAS: Yes, let's turn in.

[To the left, GARNETT, PHILLIPS, GOULD, THOMAS, ROBERTS and WILLIAMS get under the blankets, taking off their boots and coats only. CONNELL lights the candle on the pillow-ledge and continues to write, JONES watching. MACINTOSH and WILSON sit at the front right of the bed, munching their bread and butter and occasionally sipping from the bowls of tea. THOMAS is standing on the bed, preparing to take off his trousers.]

[After a fierce struggle SMITH is pitched through to the floor. His bedding is piled on him and the door slammed in a twinkling. The guards jeer through the spy-hole, "That's done you, Knocker." "Take the count." SMITH throws off the bedding and crashes his full weight against the door, shouting "Six to one—you bloody cowards." The guards laugh. He beats the door with his fists and kicks it.

SMITH (*yelling*): You pups of hell. Wait till I get at you, you damned Red Caps. I'll ring your bloody necks.

[A guard puts his mouth to the spy-hole and mocks, "Naughty little Knocker. Did he lose his temper? Mother have to smack him." SMITH leaps forward and spits through the hole.]

SMITH: Ha, ha! Got you, my pretty boy.

[He turns round. PHILLIPS gets out of bed and tries to lay his hand on his shoulder.]

SMITH (*flinging PHILLIPS back several yards*): What the hell do you want?

[SMITH clutches the iron grating with his fingers and wrenches it out. He flings it at the door, from which it rebounds with a thud. He faces the bedstead and steps to the edge where CONNELL is still miraculously sleeping.]

SMITH (*seizing CONNELL by an arm and leg*): So you're a bloody conchie, are you?

[SMITH lifts CONNELL in the air and flings him to the ground. His head hits the wall and he gives a cry. At the first touch of CONNELL by SMITH, JONES had leapt towards the boxer with upraised hand. WILLIAMS jumps to separate them, but is too late. SMITH knocks JONES senseless on the ground, and, with a second blow, brings blood to WILLIAMS' face. The key is heard in the lock. KNOCKER SMITH, who seems to have recovered control of himself in the familiar exercise of fisticuffs, leans against the wall as though innocent of any part in the fray. WILLIAMS, face and hands blood-smear, is standing over JONES, whilst CONNELL sits on the bed holding his head. The SERGEANT enters, accompanied by a lame soldier carrying his bedding.]

THE SERGEANT: What's all this row about? Fighting, Williams? You're a bloody fine conscientious objector, you are. This'll make a pretty story for the Colonel in the morning. (*He surveys the scene.*) Who was that cried out?

CONNELL: I, Sergeant.

THE SERGEANT: What the hell for? I thought you were bloody well murdered.

CONNELL (*wishing to shield Smith*): I knocked my head against the wall.

THE SERGEANT: A bloody likely story that! Shielding your comrade, are you? All right, Williams. You'll have some explaining to do to the Colonel in the morning.

WILLIAMS (*paying no attention to the threat and pointing to the body of JONES on the floor*): Look here, Sergeant, this man's senseless. He wants air and water.

Captain ordered you back, but you didn't hear him—didn't choose to. We held our breaths and gave you up for lost. But no bullet came; there wasn't the sound of a single rifle. You got him on your back and brought him in. How we cheered! And those German bastards. They cheered too: "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" It knocked us all for ten.

DOBSON: It was the cheers of those Germans that made me begin to think. I expected them to fire at me. They didn't. They saw what I was about. I couldn't get those "Hochs" out of my mind. . . That night, as I lay on the ground, I looked at the stars, hundreds of them. It was all so still, so large, so beautiful. And a strange feeling came over me, something seemed to come into me, something which made me bigger than Harry Dobson, much bigger, something which made me a part of those stars and them a part of me. I looked at the chaps sleeping near me. I was part of them. I thought of those Germans shouting "Hoch." I was part of them. I felt I would rather stick a bayonet in myself than in any German.

[Whilst DOBSON has been speaking, all have gathered round him. Even SMITH has left the wall and approached him. DOBSON is sitting on the right front corner of the bed, with the light from the gas jet on his face. CONNELL is crouching on the floor in front of him, still holding his head with one hand, his eyes enthralled.]

The next day, Bob, you were sent to the base. The death of your father. And thank God you were! We were ordered to prepare for an advance . . . The feeling that came to me in the night hadn't left me. I was still happier than I'd ever been. A lark singing in the sky seemed to carol my joy . . . And then came the order—prepare bayonets for an advance. God, the torture I went through! With this thing that had come to me, how could I prepare to kill anyone? I sat helpless in the mud, and the boys, thinking I was worrying about home, fixed the bayonet for me. They came along with the rum. The Sergeant, seeing how I was, gave me a big ration. I drank it off—and the feeling left me. The man next me didn't drink his rum. I took it in one gulp. Poor lad, they buried him next day. . . The order to go over. I leapt up in a frenzy, shouting, cursing, hating. We met. I can only remember his eyes. Hate. Mine must have been the same. We both lunged. There was a roar, a flash. That's all I remember. . . The next thing I knew I was looking up into those stars again, and the feeling was coming back. I felt pain in my leg and shoulder. I passed out, but I went into the black happy. . . When I came to it was daylight. Bending over me was a soldier. From his uniform I saw he was a German, but there was kindness in his eyes. "That's right, comrade," he said in as good English as yours. "That's it. You'll soon be all right." "Where are we?" I asked. "In a shell hole between the lines." I looked around. All

er in Walton Prison, Liverpool, in 1916,
s of the feet of a discharged prisoner.

GARNETT (*to Thomas*): Want to be a candidate for Netley?

WILLIAMS: Keep your toes on Tommy. Only three

off their boots and coats only. CONNELL lights the candle on the pillow-ledge and continues to write, JONES watching. MACINTOSH and WILSON sit at the front right of the bed, munching their bread and butter and occasionally sipping from the bowls of tea. THOMAS is standing on the bed, preparing to take off his trousers.

er in Walton Prison, Liverpool, in 1916, s of the feet of a discharged prisoner.

GARNETT (to Thomas): Want to be a candidate for Netley?

WILLIAMS: Keep your togs on, Tommy. Only three days ago a chap was taken from here with VD. The place is full of it.

THOMAS (fastening his belt again): Ugh!

[They settle down in bed.

CONNELL (hands notepaper to JONES): How's that?

[JONES reads

JONES: Champion! Why couldn't you do it like that before?

CONNELL and JONES get into bed, CONNELL taking the place on the extreme right. MACINTOSH and WILSON finish their tea, link arms and stamp up and down the room, repeating their "When this bloody war is over" performance. The other prisoners sit up, laugh and applaud.

THE SERGEANT (speaking through the spy-hole): Macintosh and Wilson, I shall put you on report tomorrow for causing a disturbance in the Detention Room.

MACINTOSH: Bloody swine.

THE SERGEANT: And for using violent and insubordinate language to a superior officer.

[The Sergeant's steps are heard retreating.

MACINTOSH: And so he is a bloody swine.

WILSON: Just because we asked for tea.

[MACINTOSH and WILSON take their mattresses to a corner of the room and start preparing a bed on the floor, whistling as they do so. The occupants of the Detention Room settle down to sleep. The candles have been blown out. There is silence for a few minutes. Then struggling and shouting are heard outside. Most of the prisoners sit up. CONNELL is among those already asleep. THOMAS runs across to the spy-hole.

THOMAS: Gosh! Five of them on him, and he's bowling them over like nine-pins. Phew! Charlie's laid out.

[MACINTOSH and JONES jump to the door to get a glimpse.

WILSON: I hope he lands Sergeant on the bloody jaw.

THOMAS: They've got him on the table, six of them. He's swearing like blazes. They're bringing him in. Look out!

[The door is thrown open, and the SERGEANT stands at it watching a struggling mass of men dragging and pushing a massive soldier.

THE SERGEANT (laughing): Sorry, comrades. The cells are full. Let me introduce you to Knocker Smith. Hope you enjoy his company.

on the bed holding his head. THE SERGEANT enters, accompanied by a lame soldier carrying his bedding.

THE SERGEANT: What's all this row about? Fighting, Williams? You're a bloody fine conscientious objector, you are. This'll make a pretty story for the Colonel in the morning. (He surveys the scene.) Who was that cried out?

CONNELL: I, Sergeant.

THE SERGEANT: What the hell for? I thought you were bloody well murdered.

CONNELL (wishing to shield Smith): I knocked my head against the wall.

THE SERGEANT: A bloody likely story that! Shielding your comrade, are you? All right, Williams. You'll have some explaining to do to the Colonel in the morning.

WILLIAMS (paying no attention to the threat and pointing to the body of JONES on the floor): Look here, Sergeant, this man's senseless. He wants air and water. Can't we carry him out?

[PHILLIPS and THOMAS join WILLIAMS. They lift JONES.

THE SERGEANT (a little frightened): I didn't know he was so bad. Lay him outside. I'll send for the ambulance.

[They carry him out, and return. THE SERGEANT stands at the door before closing it. He speaks with some respect to the lame soldier who has just entered the Detention Room.

THE SERGEANT: Well, Dobson, aren't you ashamed of your new comrades?

DOBSON (looking at SMITH and then at CONNELL and WILLIAMS): If I'm not mistaken, Sergeant, I have reason to be proud of them.

THE SERGEANT: Every man to his taste. But I give you this. No one thinks you're a coward.

DOBSON (pointing to CONNELL): I should have something to brag about if I had the pluck of that kid.

[The Sergeant scoffs and closes the door. Everyone looks at the newcomer in astonishment.

ROBERTS: Well, I'll be struck if it isn't old Dobbie!

DOBSON: Hullo, Bob, you here? Haven't seen you since the day at Ypres. Remember it?

ROBERTS: Shall I ever forget it? My father was one of the fifty to go over the top. Shot dead as soon as he was up, fell back into the trench, right by my side. God, it was awful. . . . Poor old Dad. Decent to me, he was.

DOBSON (putting his hand on ROBERTS' shoulder): Cheer up, Bob. He wouldn't want you to mope.

ROBERTS (surprised): You ain't become religious, Dobbie?

DOBSON: Don't know that I've become religious, Bob, but I think differently about things. I began to change that day.

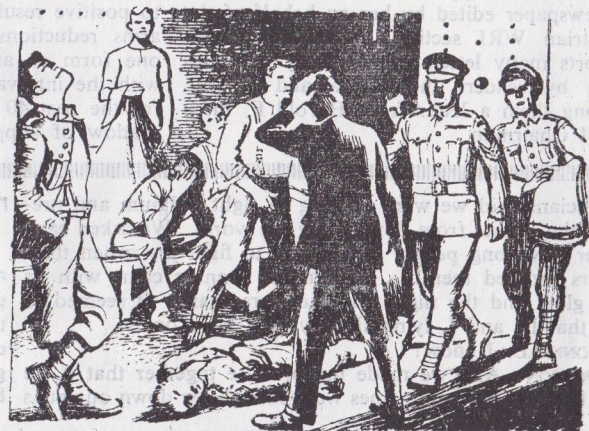
ROBERTS: A bloody hero you were. I never expected you to come through alive. I can see it all now. The order to charge. Dad giving me a last press of my hand. Him dropping dead, Lieutenant and lots of them, before they were a step out of the trench. And all of them falling within a stone's throw, some of them gone, some moaning, some writhing in agony. It was horrible. And then that chap Hamilton, a few yards from the trench, crying out to us to fetch him, rolling from side to side in pain, his eyes staring, his fingers clutching his hair—so near to us, and yet none of us dared to get him. And you jumped up, Dobbie. All of us thought you mad. The

home, finished the bayonet for me. They came along with the rum. The Sergeant, seeing how I was, gave me a big ration. I drank it off—and the feeling left me. The man next me didn't drink his rum. I took it in one gulp. Poor lad, they buried him next day. . . . The order to go over. I leapt up in a frenzy, shouting, cursing, hating. We met. I can only remember his eyes. Hate. Mine must have been the same. We both lunged. There was a roar, a flash. That's all I remember. . . . The next thing I knew I was looking up into those stars again, and the feeling was coming back. I felt pain in my leg and shoulder. I passed out, but I went into the black happy. . . . When I came to it was daylight. Bending over me was a soldier. From his uniform I saw he was a German, but there was kindness in his eyes. "That's right, comrade," he said in as good English as yours. "That's it. You'll soon be all right." "Where are we?" I asked. "In a shell hole between the lines." I looked around. All I could see was a wall of mud and the sky above. That lark was singing again. "And we were trying to kill each other yesterday," said the German with a smile. . . . After a bit I got the story out of him. We were both knocked out by a shell which burst near us. When he came round that night he found me by him. Ten yards away was this shell hole. He dragged me into it.

ROBERTS: It was night. Why didn't he crawl back into the German lines?

DOBSON: He was going to try it. Then he caught sight of a photo half out of my pocket. It was of my little girl of six—see here (he takes a much begrimed photo from his pocket and hands it to ROBERTS). It made him try to save me. . . . His plan was to do what he could to set me right, and then for both of us to crawl back to our lines under cover of darkness. But I didn't regain consciousness until light, so we had to lie there all day. We talked of home, of our wives and kiddies. He told of hard times he'd had, of times when he was out of a job, and of the hurt of seeing the kiddies hungry, and I told him things had been the same with us. We talked of our hopes of a better day, when the peoples shall come into their own. We talked of the War. He told me how his politicians had made him believe he was fighting in self-defence against enemies who had united to crush Germany. I told him our

● ON PAGE EIGHT



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**THE RUSSIAN "DISARMAMENT IN FOUR YEARS" PROPOSAL OFFERS A GREAT
OPPORTUNITY ONLY IF IT IS MADE THE OCCASION FOR ACTION, writes J. Allen
Skinner in this article on —**

The Russian disarmament proposals

AT the first "Summit" meeting at Geneva in 1955 the Heads of States found themselves confronted with the need to recognise that war had become too dangerous a thing for all concerned, "aggressor" or "defender," to be contemplated henceforth as a means to the pursuance of their various interests or the furtherance of their different ideologies.

War must be regarded for the future as "out" as an instrument of national policy. This position was summed up in a British "defence" White Paper that followed in the comment that the choice that now lay before the peoples of the world was between total war and total peace.

The statesmen had faced this development in one portion of their minds. Without the acceptance of the need for a fundamental change in their conception of international relationships, however, they were unable to exorcise the instinctive assumptions they had come to make, rooted in the entire history of the relations between states before the atomic era.

That there was now the choice between total war and total peace made no difference to the policies of expanding armaments of increasingly wholesale and increasingly rapid destructive power. It has not prevented also the dangerous threat and counter-threat between the US and China over the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, the war against Egypt waged by the French and British Governments, or the utilisation of Russian troops to settle the question of the form of political organisation that was to obtain in Hungary.

Contradiction dominates

People today, whatever their attitude to their government's foreign and military policies, are troubled by the contradiction that now dominates world politics. On the one hand the development of new weapons and methods of warfare is bringing us to the point of no return. On the other there is a continuance of policies that ignore this development and treat modern war, with its missiles and H-bombs, as something that can still be prepared for on the assumption that it will not be a disaster to the whole of mankind.

By J. ALLEN SKINNER

is a way in which disarmament can be brought about.

The Russian proposals offer us a great opportunity only if they are made the occasion for action and not for fruitless negotiations of the old order.

The Russian proposals, which were outlined by Mr. Khrushchev to the General Assembly of the United Nations on September 18, contemplate complete disarmament by all nations in a period of four years, at the end of which no state shall possess any means of waging war.

"Land armies, navies and air forces would cease to exist, general staffs and war ministries would be abolished, military educational establishments would be closed." All states would "retain only strictly limited contingents of police (Militia) . . . equipped with small arms and designed exclusively to maintain internal order and protect the personal security of citizens."

There should be an international control body on which all states should be represented, and whose staff would be recruited on an international basis, and this should operate a system of control which would function according to the stages by which disarmament would be effected.

The disarmament measures proposed would be applied in three stages. In the first stage, there would be agreement for a permanent cessation of nuclear weapons tests and there would be a reduction of the armed forces of Russia, China and the US to 1,700,000 each, while Britain and France would be limited to 650,000 each. All other states should accept proportionate reductions related to the size of their present forces. (This will be recognised as being substantially a proposal previously

suggested that there shall be limited measures of control and inspection related to the degree of disarmament to be undertaken.

Should the nations of the West not be ready to consider measures for complete disarmament, the Russian Government is prepared to agree on "appropriate partial disarmament measures and measures to strengthen security." These proposals for partial measures are on the lines of the Rapacki Plan, but unless there has been a slip in drafting they would appear to stipulate the dismantling of all military bases on foreign territory and not merely those in the designated zone in Central Europe.

It is not of course the Rapacki Plan variant, but the proposals for complete and universal disarmament that are the important new factor that may offer more promising opportunities to those in the West who are campaigning for disarmament today. In a further article I shall discuss what should be the response of such people to the Russian proposals if the outcome is not to be merely a deeper disillusionment and despair.

To be continued.

'Without hesitation'

—UNCONDITIONAL EXEMPTION

DR. BRIAN PRICHARD was granted unconditional exemption from military service by the London Local Tribunal for Conscientious Objectors recently.

Said Sir Gerald Hargreaves, Chairman of the Tribunal:

"We grant this without hesitation. For fully qualified medical men it is such utter waste for them to work as stretcher-bearers and porters. No doubt Dr. Prichard will go on being a doctor."

Dr. Prichard's case centred around the historical fact that in the time of Christ the Jews were oppressed by the Roman invaders, and that they had organised armed rebellions. Had Christ agreed with armed force, said Dr. Prichard, what better than for Him to do as many of His followers

"The establishment of the common origin of all species logically involves a readjustment of altruistic morals, by enlarging the application of what has been called the Golden Rule from the area of mere mankind to that of the whole animal kingdom."

—Thomas Hardy

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Austrian war resister loses appeal

THE second appeal in the case against Luise Eisenmenger-Micko, President of the Austrian Section of the War Resisters' International, was heard last month in Vienna.

The prosecutor surprisingly asked that the defendant be discharged, although he had instigated the first appeal on the grounds that the £7 fine was not high enough. In both instances, however, the original sentence was upheld, and Frau Eisenmenger-Micko will now have to pay the fine and costs.

She has already announced her intention of appealing to the Austrian Constitutional Court as well as to the Human Rights Court at Strasbourg.

Frau Eisenmenger-Micko was tried for libelling the Federal Austrian Army in an article which appeared in "Antimilitarist," a newspaper edited by her on behalf of the Austrian WRI section. The latest issue reports many letters of sympathy and support by readers in Austria and abroad, among them a letter from Harold F. Bing, WRI Chairman.

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People today, whatever their attitude to their government's foreign and military policies, are troubled by the contradiction that now dominates world politics. On the one hand the development of new weapons and methods of warfare is bringing us to the point of no return. On the other there is a continuance of policies that ignore this development and treat modern war with its missiles and H-bombs, as something that can still be prepared for on the assumption that it will not be a disaster to the whole of mankind.

When, in this situation of widely felt anxiety, one of the world's statesmen makes a proposal for general and complete disarmament to be achieved within four years, as Mr. Khrushchev has done, there is a feeling that he is at least thinking in terms that are adequate to the terrible problem that has to be faced. It is natural therefore that those who have been campaigning to induce their Government to take a drastic change of course in regard to their policy in this atomic age should welcome this new and wholesale method of dealing with the problem.

Welcome as his proposals are, it is a mistake in my view to confine support to an expression of approval of them and to campaign for their acceptance by one's own Government in the form in which Mr. Khrushchev presented them to the UN. Such an attitude seems to me to be an expression of blind optimism, for their acceptance would be merely the preliminary to difficult negotiations to work out their application. Our experience of past disarmament conferences offer no reason for thinking that such negotiations could lead to positive results. Negotiations for agreed arms reductions have been in progress in one form or another almost continuously, with the interval of the second world war, for the past 40 years. The results offer no shadow of support for the hope that this

and whose staff would be recruited on an international basis, and this should operate a system of control which would function according to the stages by which disarmament would be effected.

The disarmament measures proposed would be applied in three stages. In the first stage there would be agreement for a permanent cessation of nuclear weapons tests and there would be a reduction of the armed forces of Russia, China and the US to 1,700,000 each, while Britain and France would be limited to 650,000 each. All other states should accept proportionate reductions related to the size of their present forces. (This will be recognised as being substantially a proposal previously made by the Russian Government which the British Government was at first inclined to accept, but in relation to which it soon began to hedge under US pressure.)

Control and inspection

The second stage would see the completion of the disbanding of the armed forces and the closing down of military bases on foreign territories. In the third stage there would be destruction of all types of nuclear and rocket weapons, the destruction of all air force equipment, while chemical and bacteriological weapons would be removed and destroyed under international control.

"Upon the attainment of universal and complete disarmament, which must include the liquidation of all services of the armed forces and the destruction of all weapons, including weapons of mass annihilation (nuclear, rocket, chemical, bacteriological), the international control body shall have free access to all objects under control."

In anything less than complete disarmament, said Mr. Khrushchev when addressing the General Assembly, no state could reveal its military secrets, the organisation of its defence and war production without prejudicing the interests of its national security. Hence in the earlier stages of the implementation of the proposals it is

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Interviewed after the hearing, Dr. Prichard, a member of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and a Congregationalist, said that he had used as a source of information the FoR booklet, "The Times of Jesus Christ." He had also found Professor McGregor's "The New Testament Basis of Pacifism" most interesting and helpful.

During the hearing, Professor James of the Tribunal, a theologian renowned for his quick-fire questioning of religious applicants, sat silent and meditative.

Striding towards a million

The North London Action Council for War on Want has made great strides toward the achievement of its target: one million pennies to inoculate one million children against tuberculosis; five thousand sixpences to protect five thousand children from yaws. Carolling for UNICEF at Christmastime last year brought an average of £15 per evening. It hopes to repeat this success again this year. Those interested should write to the Secretary, Norman Hamilton, 10 Candler Street, N.15, or to the local representative, Olwen Battersby, 80 Muswell Hill Road, Nondon, N.10.

politicians said we were fighting to right Belgium and prevent the Kaiser from dominating the world. We asked each other how long people were going to fight just when their rulers ordered them. . . . Then the evening came with its red glow and the night and the stars again. It seemed to me that he and I, lying side by side, were one.

CONNELL: I know!

DOBSON: And we made the promise together that if we got back safely to our lines we would throw down our guns

THE RECRUIT ● FROM CENTRE PAGE

and never fight again. He helped me up on the level ground and crawled on his stomach towards the German trenches, I towards the British. Suddenly a flare and everything was light. I was hidden in a dent on the ground. I looked round and, as I turned, a bullet whizzed by, his body crumpled and then lay still. He was dead.

I passed out. The next thing I knew was that I was lying in bed in the hospital behind the lines. The RAMC had found me. That was two months ago. When they sent me home on leave I told them I shouldn't return. So today they came and fetched me.

WILLIAMS: You've joined the COs?

DOBSON: Yes, I'm your latest recruit.

[The curtain falls. MACINTOSH and WILSON are heard singing "When this Bloody War is Over."

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will be theirs during the NEW YEAR to come**

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spectator, a mirror, a guardian, or even
a new statesman**

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and make everyone's New Year happier

WAR RESISTERS



INTERNATIONAL

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and that Peace and Contentment
will be theirs during the NEW YEAR to come

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for a society founded upon
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May we all be given the health and strength to continue our work for
world peace in the New Year

154 Droop Street, London, W.10

WAR RESISTER

and make everyone's New Year happier

WAR RESISTERS



INTERNATIONAL

Lansbury House, 88 Park Avenue, Enfield, Middlesex, England

Greetings to all working for a Christian peace

from the
**ANGELICAN PACIFIST
FELLOWSHIP**

(Church of England)

29 Great James St., London, W.C.1.
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and invites those who have not done so to renounce all war and join in working for

Peace through total unilateral disarmament by Britain

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IF **WE** can help you in any way, PLEASE WRITE to the General Secretary, Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, who will also gratefully acknowledge your Christmas gift for

PEACE ON EARTH—GOOD WILL AMONG ALL MEN

My trip to the land of the dying

MEETING THE MIDDLE EAST REFUGEES

By the Rev. John Pellow

I HAVE just returned from a 6,000 mile round trip of the refugee camps in Lebanon, Jordan and Israel. I was sick on the plane, sickened by the absolute squalor in which the 1,000,000 refugees in the Middle East have to live, and, if possible, even more sickened by the political machinations which caused their exile and which makes for their continued existence.

I landed at Beirut. Within 60 minutes I had been buttonholed by a vociferous newspaperman of a Lebanese journal. "I am a Palestinian refugee," he said. "We shall all return to Israel soon. In fact, I have still the keys of my home in Haifa, and you shall spend next Christmas with me there."

A few days later I was standing in Dheishei Camp. Here some 6,000 refugees live in huts scattered amongst the rocks of the Bethlehem hills. "There is my house," cried Abdul Fattah Khalil, pointing to a building just across the border in Israel. "There can be no other solution to my problem other than return. How would you feel if someone were living in your house, using your plough to till your fields." Then raising his voice and brandishing his arms, he shouted, "We shall return, and soon. That return shall be under the banner of King Hussein." "Hussein, Hussein," shouted other Arabs rising to their feet.

The King of Jordan was not in Amman to hear his views about this statement. I did meet Hazza Majali, the Prime Minister. His answer to me was this:

"The refugee problem is more psychological than economic. It is a moral issue. These people had their homes taken from them. They are living away from the land of their birth, and quite

naturally they want to return to it. They are not satisfied with the conditions they have to put up with in Jordan and their children are growing up in these surroundings, and look upon their parent's former homes as paradise. They would like to go there too."

This is most certainly the accepted and true remark. It has been true and accepted since 1948. Eleven years have gone by. In 1948 something might have been done, but for eleven years these Palestinian Arabs have rotted in their camps. They could be a potential labour force—or army. One camp leader put it this way:

"There can be no other solution other than return. If these people were to lose their belief that one day they will return to their homes, it would be as bad for them as if they were to lose their faith in God."

Compensation

You see how it is? These refugees are constantly being influenced to think of their exile in political and even religious terms. To think of accepting compensation or making an attempt to settle where they are is to be both a traitor and an atheist.

There are those who believe that if it were possible to offer compensation or a



A group of British journalists recently spent a week on a Crystal Palace (London) site finding out what it is like when refugees enter a camp. Above: the journalist "refugees" with the Rev. John Pellow (in beret) take a snack in front of a hut they built to sleep in.

job to a refugee—in private—he would quickly say yes.

My time in Israel was limited, but what I saw was very exciting indeed. Nineteen-forty-eight was eleven years ago. What ever are the rights and wrongs of the case—and it would seem to me that the right is with the Palestinian refugee—the situation is now changed. The roads are lined with youngsters, buildings are going up everywhere. There is an energy and vitality about the whole country which seems to affect everyone. At the beginning of my visit I met Mrs. Golda Meir, Israeli Foreign Minister. I entered Israel from Jordan feeling good and mad at these Jews. Her first sentence made me begin thinking again:—

"Our country is also a refugee country. We have absorbed almost 1,000,000 refugees in the last eleven years. Five hundred thousand of those who have come have come from the Middle East. Many more can be absorbed in this country without extending our borders one mile. We have no territorial claims. We also have lost our religious places. For the first time in years Jews cannot get to the wailing wall but we have no territorial claims. We are not prepared, however, to absorb any Pales-

the Arabs love their own children and do not want the death of Israel's children."

My fear is that the refugee is being used as a political pawn. In other countries I have seen this situation and come away remembering him. Today I am caught up in the political situation and tend to forget that he is there. In the end that human being's suffering is of most importance. The fact that his personality is being slowly strangled is primary.

Epidemics

I cannot describe his situation for it is indescribable. The English language is too polite. It is the relatively small things that tell. I asked the UNRWA doctor about epidemics. "We are not worried about these," he said. "Barring extreme circumstances we have them beaten. One thing that does worry us is that it is against tradition, law and custom for an Arab woman to use a public lavatory. I have known a clinic where we have to treat 5,000 women suffering from the mal-effects of constipation."

This story expresses for me at once the tragedy and the important fact of the modern Holy Land. I went into a small, clean but absolutely barren hut. In it was

GREETINGS FROM
War on want

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GREETINGS FROM War on want

9 MADELEY ROAD, EALING, W.5

The Chairman, Treasurer, and officers desire to thank all the kind-hearted folk who have helped them during the past year.

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SAFE

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Then speaking of the chances of future peace, she continued:

"We would be prepared, in a scheme for the solution of the refugee problem, to meet any justified claim by the Arabs. Finally, however, peace will come when

No refuge for these refugees

THE Governor of Hong Kong in London recently to ask for help in re-settling the city's refugees, made a very disturbing statement.

The Marine Police of Hong Kong, he said, are to be reinforced so that the stream of refugees coming in by boat from China (no one can cross the land frontier without passing the passport control) can be halted.

This is unworthy of a British territory. Is it intended to return the refugees, coming daily in their hundreds, to the authorities from whom they have fled?

Can no arrangements be made for the Chinese refugees to emigrate from Hong Kong to other countries?

At present only the European refugees coming from China can leave Hong Kong. Nobody wants a Chinese refugee. A few thousand have been admitted to Formosa and a few hundred to Singapore, but that is all. The rest are starving in Hong Kong and hundreds more are coming in every day.

Finding a place for these refugees should be one of the tasks of the World Refugee Year. The problem is not to be solved by stopping further immigration to the only available place along the frontier of China.

I cannot describe his situation for it is indescribable. The English language is too polite. It is the relatively small things that tell. I asked the UNRWA doctor about epidemics. "We are not worried about these," he said. "Barring extreme circumstances we have them beaten. One thing that does worry us is that it is against tradition, law and custom for an Arab woman to use a public lavatory. I have known a clinic where we have to treat 5,000 women suffering from the mal-effects of constipation."

This story expresses for me at once the tragedy and the important fact of the modern Holy Land. I went into a small, clean but absolutely barren hut. In it was an old, old widow of forty. I asked her "How are you and your children living?" Quietly, and with dignity, she answered, "Sir, we are not. We are dying."

"Active goodwill towards other nations, refugees and undeveloped countries will alone bring about peace," says the latest poster available from the Northern Friends' Peace Board (Station Rd., Ackworth, nr. Pontefract).

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

from
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The Editor and staff of

CONTACT

wish all the readers of Peace News a Happy Christmas, and may 1960 lead on speedily to the true peace which the whole world is longing for.

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QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious

CHRISTMAS DAY will be a day of reflection for Mr. Iain Macleod, the British Colonial Secretary. He will return from his tour of Malta and East Africa on Christmas Eve.

His visit must have revealed to him the unhappy problems which his predecessor, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, left for him. He appears to have approached these problems with an open mind, "open" at least as far as Tory overall policy will allow.

He has spoken of difficulties in Malta arising from divergencies of views between Maltese Parties, but, if he was accurately informed by his British advisers there, he should realise that the Malta Labour Party and its leader, Mr. Dom Mintoff, has the overwhelming support of the people and would sweep to triumph in any election. The only solution can be an early election and self-government with a target date for independence. Mr. Lennox-Boyd had to concede that for Ghana. Mr. Macleod will have to concede it for Malta.

Difficulties in Uganda

The Colonial Secretary immediately came face to face with the difficulties in Uganda when he was met at the airport by a demonstration of National Congress supporters. The problems of Kenya will be thrashed out at the constitutional conference in London in January. The most hopeful prospect is in Tanganyika, which Mr. Macleod must realise cannot be denied early independence. The Trusteeship Council of the United Nations has asked for a target date to be fixed.

The most critical decision is, of course, in Central Africa. The announcement of the African leaders that all the national

movements will boycott the Government's Commission reduces it to a farce. I was glad to see that they recommended the Labour Party to send out an independent Commission.

At the polls

On Saturday the 35,000,000 people of Nigeria elected the members of the new Federal House of Representatives which will inaugurate independence next year. I am writing before the final results are known, but the event is of such historic importance that I cannot delay a comment.

Nigeria is now the largest of the British colonies. When it becomes independent, the number of non-self-governing people in the British Empire will be reduced by half.

The significance of a politically free Nigeria will be profound. It will speed the coming of liberty to all Africa, particularly to West Africa, with which it is linked on the Coast, and to vast French Equatorial Africa, which it meets in the interior.

Nigeria will be the most populous of the sovereign States in Africa. It can exert a deep influence in strengthening the African Personality in world affairs.

It is desirable, therefore, that we should have a clear picture in our minds of the Parties which made Nigeria's decision last Saturday. What do they stand for?

The three regions—North, West and East—which constitute the Federation of Nigeria contribute the Big Three Parties. The Northern Region is the largest and elected 174 members of the Federal Assem-

bly. The West elected 62, the East 73.

The Northern region, under the influence of the aristocratic Moslem Emirs, has been the least advanced democratically, and the Northern Peoples Congress is the most conservative of the three Parties. It is adjusting itself to modern conditions with difficulty, still rubbing its eyes in the unaccustomed light of the new world. In the last Federal Parliament it was the largest Party and provided the Prime Minister of the Coalition, Alhaji Abubakar, a respected figure, but without popular appeal.

The leading Party in the West has been the Action Group led by Chief Awolowo. It places emphasis on social reform, but it is closely associated with the traditional chiefs and is moderate equally in home, continental and international affairs. It is different from most African parties in being committed to the Power bloc rivalry: it sides with the West.

The Eastern Region is the stronghold of the National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons, led by Dr. Azikiwe, popularly known as "Zik." The NCNC is the most radical of the Parties, appealing to Nigeria as a nation rather than to the older tribal loyalties. "Zik" stands for Pan-Africanism and for African independence from both the West and Russia.

Both the Action Group and the NCNC campaigned during the election for support outside the regions which have been their main strength. They both invaded the Northern Region through alliances with smaller Parties.

My expectation is that no Party will obtain an absolute majority in the new Parliament. There may be a coalition of two or even three Parties. If the three Parties are all returned in strength, a coalition may be desirable until Independence Day. All will desire and will deserve their share in the national celebrations.

Dynamism of Africa

But democracy will require that the great issues which are now stirring Africa shall



DIARY

Send notices to arrive first post Monday for Dec. 25 issue and by Dec. 24 for Jan. 1 issue.

BRISTOL 3.15 p.m. 26 West St. Oldland

Saturday, December 26—Sunday, January 3
LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE: Coast to Coast Youth CND March. Leaves Liverpool noon Dec. 26; arr. Hull Jan. 3. Details: Eric Green, 31 Lamb Hill Close, Richmond, Sheffield 13 (tel.: 396634).

Tuesday, December 29
LONDON, W.C.1: 6.30 p.m. 6 Endsleigh St. All PPU members welcome. London Area PPU.

Thursday, December 31
LONDON, E.11: 8 p.m. Friends Mtg. Ho. Bush Rdo. Group Discussion. PPU.

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ORDER all your books from Housmans Bookshop. Profits on sales help Peace News, 5 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London, N.1.

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hopeful prospect is in Tanganyika, which Mr. Macleod must realise cannot be denied early independence. The Trusteeship Council of the United Nations has asked for a target date to be fixed.

The most critical decision is, of course, in Central Africa. The announcement of the African leaders that all the national



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Saturday, December 19

BRISTOL: 3.15 p.m. 26 West St., Oldland Common—buses 311-2 coach stn. PPU gathering, tea, talk.

REDHILL: 10.45 a.m. Market Hall, Poster Parade & March to Reigate. CND.

Saturday, December 19—Sunday, December 20

LONDON, W.C.1: Sat. 2.30-6.30 p.m.; Sun. 10.30 a.m.-2 p.m. Student Mvmt. Ho., Gower St. Briefing mtgs. for volunteers for Harrington rocket base demonstration. Direct Action Cttee.

Monday, December 21

LONDON, W.C.1: 6.30 p.m. 6 Endsleigh St. "Current Affairs—Latest Disarmament Proposals". Stuart Morris. 6 p.m. Refreshments. Central London PPU.

Wednesday, December 23—December 30

NORTH GERMANY: International Christmas Peace Party at Friendship House, Bückeburg. Enquiries: Aubrey Brocklehurst, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

Thursday, December 24—Saturday, December 26
LONDON, S.W.1: 10.45 a.m.-4.45 p.m. Whitehall, each day of 3-day picket. Details: Baker, Button End, Harston, Cambs. CND.

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Dynamism of Africa

But democracy will require that the great issues which are now stirring Africa shall become real issues of discussion in Nigeria, too—the issues of the unity of all the African peoples in their struggle for freedom; of the abolition or racial discrimination throughout Africa; of the development of an African contribution to peace, often in association with the nations of Asia, which is independent of the rival Power blocs of East and West in the world.

At present "Zik's" NCNC is standing most clearly and courageously for these policies. Whatever the result of the election we can be confident that support for them will grow. They represent the sweeping dynamism of Africa.

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Thursday, December 31

LONDON, E.11: 8 p.m. Friends Mtg. Ho., Bush Rd. Group Discussion. PPU.

Starting Saturday, January 2

HARRINGTON, nr. Rothwell, Northants: radical rocket base demonstration. Volunteers apply at once to Direct Action Cttee., 344 Seven Sisters Rd., London, N.4. (STAmford Hill 7062.)

Every week!

SUNDAYS

LONDON: 3.30 p.m. Speakers' Corner, Hyde Pk., W.1. Sybil Morrison, Stuart Morris, Myrtle Solomon, Harry Marsh. PPU.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

LONDON: 72 Oakley Sq., N.W.1. Week-end work camps take place whenever possible. Phone EUS 3195. Work for needy sections of the community. IVS.

TUESDAYS

MANCHESTER: 1-2 p.m. Deansgate Blitz Site Christian Pacifist open-air meeting. MPF.

WEDNESDAYS

LONDON: 7 p.m., 5 Caledonian Rd., N.1. Pacifist Youth Action Group.

Should the Sahara Desert be the site of death-dealing nuclear tests, or should mankind make it green again?

SAHARA CHALLENGE

by Richard St. Barbe Baker

A world-famous forester and conservationist has written a startling book. He traversed the Sahara and studied its past. He tells how much of it was once a great forest. The desert could be re-afforested. A giant task, but the first step is to stop cutting of existing forests on the Sahara's southern flank. "It is madness to fell this last protective bit of high forest (in the Chad region) for cotton growing."

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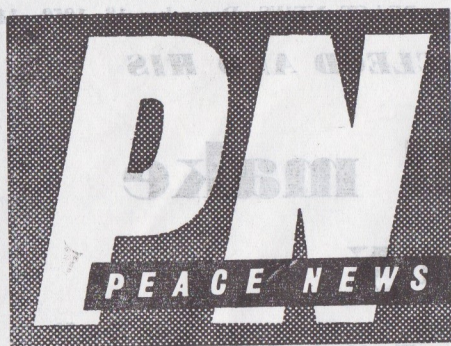
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French A-tests: Protests in London and New York

THE French Embassy in London will be picketed this weekend in protest against the Sahara tests.

A 48-hour vigil starts tonight (Friday) at 9 p.m. outside the Embassy in Knightsbridge.

On Saturday a poster parade will leave the Embassy at 2.30 p.m. and arrive two hours later at Manette Street (off Charing Cross Road) for an open-air meeting.

These protests are organised by the National Youth Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and the Committee of African Organisations, and sponsored by the London Region CND, the Direct Action Committee and Christian Action.

At the UN

New York war resisters picketed the United Nations last week as the protest team in Africa confronted the French border at the Upper Volta.

Picketing at the UN started at 1 p.m. on December 9. An hour later the group, carrying their placards, walked across 42nd Street and up Fifth Avenue to the French Mission to the UN on East 79th Street. Picketing of the French mission started at 3 p.m. It came off well, reports Jim Peck.

The Committee to Support the Sahara Protest Team, sponsor of the demonstration, was established at a city-wide meeting on December 4 attended by representatives of pacifist organisations and US and African student groups.

The Committee's address is: Room 825,

SAHARA TEAM HELD AT BORDER

THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM THAT IS PROTESTING AGAINST THE FRENCH A-BOMB TEST IN THE SAHARA HAS BEEN HELD UP FOR SOME DAYS CLOSE TO THE GHANA FRONTIER BY THE AUTHORITIES OF THE UPPER VOLTA, WHO ARE REFUSING THEM TRANSIT ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HAVE NO VISAS TO ENTER FRENCH TERRITORY.

As Peace News goes to press, reports from Ghana say that the team is on its way back to Accra.

The team crossed into French territory on Dec. 9. When they were 16 miles inside the border they were stopped by three white French officers and told that instructions from Paris forbade them to allow the team to proceed any further. The team refused to leave.

The following day the officers returned and demanded the keys to the team's vehicles, saying that they had fresh instructions from Paris. The result of this interchange is not known. The team prepared to appeal to the surrounding populace who are known to be friendly.

Describing the team's arrival at the border, Michael Randle cabled:

"We arrived at the border town of Bawku late last night (Tuesday, December 8). Today (Wednesday, December 9) at 9.0 a.m. the Chief in ceremonial robes, the village Elders, drummers, musicians

and the whole town turned out for a meeting.

"The team now stands at 21 members, 10 of whom are scheduled to make the final Sahara crossing if possible. Latest members of the team include Pierre Martin of France—and Hannah Kojo of the Women's Federation and one of the most prominent and important women leaders in Ghana.

"We are crossing the border this afternoon. The District Commissioner will lead the people of Bawku to the border in support."

A. J. Muste, who is acting as co-ordinator for the project, and Mr. E. C. Quaye, the Chairman of the Ghana Council for Nuclear Disarmament, have cabled M. Soustelle, the Minister Delegate to the Prime Minister's office, asking for visas for the team.

They reminded him that "France must remember her position and continuance in

Africa depend on peaceful co-existence with African people. We take this opportunity to further protest against proposed exploding of a nuclear bomb on African soil."

Prisoners for peace

THE following boys have just been jailed in the Netherlands as conscientious objectors to military training:

Jan Kaat, Zaandijk, Karl Marx-Straat 8;
Tristan Koomen, Amsterdam-W, Tijl Uilen-
spiegelstraat 4 huis; Willem Streelder,
Amsterdam-O, Commelinstraat 120 II;
Trienko Winter, Haulerwijk 277 (Fr).

Three further British COs have just been jailed: Anthony Marchant and Gerald Darnley, H.M. Prison, Longport, Canterbury, Kent; and Michael Henry Bowley, H.M. Prison, Ashwell Road, Oakham, Rutland.

Christmas cards may be sent to them all.

Leaders jailed

FROM PAGE ONE

point and were asking: "Let us go on to do that which is unlawful." The situation, he said, was grossly aggravated by the fact that "it had all happened before."

They were bound over in a surety of £100 for the space of 12 months to keep the peace and not to take part in and encourage any breach of the peace, with particular regard to Her Majesty's establishments dealing with nuclear warfare. In the event of their refusing to be so bound

MISSILE PROJECT TO CONTINUE

WE hope that the Harrington demonstration will take place as planned.

Arrangements are being made for new people to be responsible for the organisation in the event of the present committee members being imprisoned as a result of our appearance in court on Tuesday. April Carter, secretary of the Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War, said in a statement to the Press on Monday.

The arrangements for the demonstration were listed as follows: a general briefing meeting for all demonstrators at the

demonstration at tube stations from Dec. 28—Jan. 1;

(c) people with cars for loudspeaker tours announcing the demonstration;

(d) volunteers to help as outside liaisons (cooking, getting water and firewood, etc.) during the period of the actual demonstration;

(e) people who live near Harrington who could arrange hot meals and baths for demonstrators;

(f) people who would be prepared to look after the children of any mothers who are demonstrating.

team in Africa and the French border at the Upper Volta.

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The Committee's address is: Room 825, 5 Beekman Street, New York 38 (BEekman 3-0462).

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They were bound over in a surety of £100 for the space of 12 months to keep the peace and not to take part in and encourage any breach of the peace, with particular regard to Her Majesty's establishments dealing with nuclear warfare. In the event of their refusing to be so bound over they must alternatively have two months' imprisonment.

All save one refused to be bound over, and were taken to London prisons the same day. (The women are in Holloway Prison, the men in Pentonville; Christmas cards may be sent to them.)

The exception was Inez Randall, who—very much against her inclination—signed, under protest, for family reasons.

● Michael Randle (Direct Action Chairman) and the Rev. Michael Scott were due to appear, but are in Africa with the demonstration against the French atomic tests.

CHRISTMAS IS ON OUR SIDE



HARD for us peace people to believe in Father Christmas. H-bombs on a fifteen minute trigger, sleek and plushy living here—squalor and near-slavery there, men in jail for sticking to principles—men in power who seem to have none; and lots and lots of sickly seasonal sentiment about "Peace and Goodwill" whilst the arms pile higher for war.

Universal aspirations for peace can, however, only progress from home to reality through people who practise goodwill all the year round.

Christmas is on our side, a generous ally who briefly lets in a breath of true humanity. Christmas is when consciences come a little alive, and when we can help to give them form and reality.

Here you have our special Christmas Number. Can you challenge your friends, your local parsons and politicians with

MISSILE PROJECT TO CONTINUE

"WE hope that the Harrington demonstration will take place as planned. Arrangements are being made for new people to be responsible for the organisation in the event of the present committee members being imprisoned as a result of our appearance in court on Tuesday," April Carter, secretary of the Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War, said in a statement to the Press on Monday.

The arrangements for the demonstration were listed as follows: a general briefing meeting for all demonstrators at the Student Movement House, 103 Gower St., WC1 (tomorrow) Saturday and Sunday; a final briefing meeting at 12 noon on Jan. 2 in the Kettering Friends Meeting House (Kettering Quakers are not officially supporting the demonstration).

The Committee is asking for various kinds of help in connection with the demonstration:

- (a) the loan of tents and groundsheets—on the understanding that they may be confiscated by the authorities—which should be clearly marked;
- (b) help giving out leaflets about the

demonstration at tube stations from Dec. 28—Jan. 1;

- (c) people with cars for loudspeaker tours announcing the demonstration;
- (d) volunteers to help as outside liaisons (cooking, getting water and firewood, etc.) during the period of the actual demonstration;
- (e) people who live near Harrington who could arrange hot meals and baths for demonstrators;
- (f) people who would be prepared to look after the children of any mothers who are demonstrating.

Supporters

Besides the civil disobedience demonstration, there will be a supporting demonstration which will not involve civil disobedience and it is hoped that as many people as possible will come on this.

The Direct Action Committee also feels that it would be very useful if people who are sympathetic to the demonstration but unable to get to Harrington could publicise and interpret the demonstration in their own area by means of letters to the press, poster parades, leaflet distribution etc. Leaflets and posters for this purpose are available from the Committee.

A relief fund is now in existence for the assistance of people who are in difficulties as a result of taking part in direct action demonstrations. The trustees of the fund are Dr. Donald Soper, Arthur Goss, and Sheila Jones. The "Direct Action Committee Relief Fund," address is c/o Sheila Jones, 18 Well Rd., London, NW3.

Offers of help or enquiries about further information should be sent to the Direct Action Committee, 344 Seven Sisters Rd., N4 (STA 7062).

CAMPAIGN

CHRISTMAS CORNER

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